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Choice Poetry.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come—
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door—
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheeks and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with anxious brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now?
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light!
And some, who flaunt among the throng
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his task or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not;
There is, who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

PARTING ODE.

Sung at the close of the ceremonies at the recent Commencement of Yale College.

Peacefully, tenderly,
Here, as we part,
The farewell that lingers
Be breathed from the heart
No place more befitting,
Oh, house of the Lord—
Here be it spoken,
That last prayerful word

Thoughtfully, carefully,
Solemn and slow!
Tears are bedewing
The path that we go,
Perils before us
We know not to-day—
Kindly and safely,
Oh, Lord, lead our way

Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow!
Jesus, our leader,
Reigns conqueror now!
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare—
Up to His glory,
His blessedness share.

Patiently, cheerfully
Up! and depart
To labor and duty,
With undismayed heart
The ransomed, with gladness
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting, Salvation
To Jesus our king!

Pictures of Life.

MY FATHER'S FIRST LOVE.

FROM "THE CAXTONS," NOW BEING PUBLISHED IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER I.

"I lost my mother early; my father, (a good man, but who was so indolent that he rarely stirred from his chair, and who often passed whole days without speaking, like an Indian dervish,) left Roland and myself to educate ourselves much according to our own tastes. Roland shot, and hunted and fished,—read all the poetry and books of chivalry to be found in my father's collection, which was rich in such matters, and made a great many copies of the old pedigree;—the only thing in which my father ever evinced much of the vital principle. Early in life I conceived a passion for graver studies, and by good luck I found a tutor in Mr. Tibbets, who, but for his modesty, Kitty, would have rivalled Porson. He was a second Budæus for industry, and, by the way, he said exactly the same thing that Budæus did, viz: 'that the only lost day in his life was that in which he was married; for on that day he had only had six hours for reading!' Under such a master I could not fail to be a scholar. I came from the university with such distinction as led me to look sanguinely on my career in the world.

"I returned to my father's quiet rectory, to pause and look about me, and consider what path I should take to fame. The rectory was just at the foot of the hill, on the brow of which were the ruins of the castle Roland has since purchased. And though I did not feel for the ruins the same romantic veneration as my dear brother, (for my day-dreams were more colored by classic than feudal recollections,) I yet loved to climb the hill book in hand, and build my castles in the air amidst the wrecks of that which time had shattered on the earth.

"One day, entering the old weed-grown court, I saw a lady, seated on my favorite spot, sketching the ruins. The lady was young—more beautiful than any woman I had yet seen, at least to my eyes. In a word, I was fascinated, and, as the trite phrase goes, 'spell-bound.' I seated myself at a little distance, and contemplated her without desiring to speak. By-and-by, from another part of the ruins, which were then uninhabited, came a tall, imposing, elderly gentleman, with a benignant aspect; and a little dog. The dog ran up to me, barking. This drew the attention of both lady and gentleman to me. The gentleman approached, called off the dog, and apologised with much politeness. Surveying me somewhat curiously, he then began to ask questions about the old place, and the family it had belonged to, with the name and antecedents of which he was well acquainted. By degrees it came out that I was the descendant of that family, and the younger son of the humble rector who was now its representative. The gentleman then introduced himself to me as the Earl of Rainsforth, the principal proprietor in the neighborhood, but who had so rarely visited the county during my childhood and earlier youth, that I had never before seen him. His only son, however, a young man of great promise, had been at the same college with me in my first year at the university. The young lord was a reading man and a scholar, and we had become slightly acquainted when he left for his travels.

"Now, on hearing my name, Lord Rainsforth took my hand cordially, and leading me to his daughter, said, 'Think, Ellinor, how fortunate; this is the Mr. Caxton whom your brother so often spoke of.'

"In short, my dear Pisistratus, the ice was broken, the acquaintance made, and Lord Rainsforth, saying he was come to atone for his long absence from the county, and to reside at Compton the greater part of the year, pressed me to visit him. I did so. Lord Rainsforth's liking to me increased; I went there often."

My father paused, and seeing my mother had fixed her eyes upon him with a sort of mournful earnestness, and had pressed her hands very tightly together, he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"There is no cause, my child!" said he. It is the only time I ever heard him call my mother by that paternal name. But then, I never heard him before so grave and solemn—not a quotation, too,—it was incredible; it was not my father speaking—it was another man. "Yes, I went there often. Lord Rainsforth was a remarkable person. Shyness, that was wholly without pride, (which is rare) and a love for quiet literary pursuits, had prevented his taking that personal part in public life for which he was richly qualified; but his reputation for sense and honor, and his personal popularity had given him no inconsiderable influence even, I believe, in the formation of cabinets, and he had once been prevailed upon to fill a high diplomatic situation abroad, in which I have no doubt that he was as miserable as a good man can be under any infliction. He was now pleased to retire from the world, and look at it through the loopholes of retreat. Lord Rainsforth had a great respect for talent, and a warm interest in such of the young as seemed to him to possess it. By talent, indeed, his family had risen, and were strikingly characterized. His ancestor, the first peer, had been a distinguished lawyer; his father had been celebrated for scientific attainments; his children, Ellinor and Lord Pendarvis, were highly accomplished. Thus, the family identified themselves with the aristocracy of intellect, and seemed unconscious of their claims to the lower aristocracy of rank. You must bear this in mind throughout my story.

"Lady Ellinor shared her father's tastes and habits of thought—(she was not then an heiress.) Lord Rainsforth talked to me of my career. It was a time when the French Revolution had made statesmen look round with some anxiety to strengthen the existing order of things, by alliance with all in the rising generation who evinced such ability as might influence their contemporaries.

"University distinction is, or was formerly, among the popular passports to public life. By degrees Lord Rainsforth liked me so well, as to suggest to me a seat in the House of Commons. A member of Parliament might rise to anything, and Lord Rainsforth had sufficient influence to effect my return. Dazzling prospect this to a young scholar fresh from Thucydides, and with Demosthenes fresh at his tongue's end. My dear boy, I was not then, you see, quite what I am now; in a word, I loved Ellinor Compton, and therefore I was ambitious. You know how ambitious she is still. But I could not mould my ambition to hers. I could not contemplate entering the senate of my country as a dependant on a party or a patron—as a man who must make his fortune there—as a man who, in every vote, must consider how much nearer he advanced himself to emolument. I was not even certain that Lord Rainsforth's views on politics were the same as mine would be. How could the politics of an experienced man of the world be those of an ardent young student? But had they been identical, I felt that I could not so creep into equality with a patron's daughter. No! I was ready to abandon my own more scholastic predilections—to strain every energy at the bar—to carve or force my own way to fortune—and, if I arrived at independence, then—what then? why, the right to speak of love, and aim at power. This was not the view of Ellinor Compton. The law seemed to her a tedious, needless drudgery; there was nothing in it to captivate her imagination. She listened to me with that charm which she yet retains, and by which she seems to identify herself with those who speak to her. She would turn to me with a pleading look when her father dilated on the brilliant prospects of a parliamentary success; for he (not having gained it, yet having lived with those who had,) overvalued it, and seemed ever to wish to enjoy it through some other. But when I, in turn, spoke of independence, of the bar, Ellinor's face grew overcast. The world—the world was with her, and the ambition of the world, which is always for power of effect! A part of the house lay exposed to the east wind. 'Plant half-way down the hill,' said I, one day. 'Plant!' cried Lady Ellinor—'it will be twenty years before the trees grow up. No, my dear father, build a wall, and cover it with creepers!' That was an illustration of her whole character. She could not wait till trees had time to grow up; a dead wall would be so much more quickly thrown up, and parasite creepers would give it a prettier effect. Nevertheless, she was a grand and noble creature. And I—in love! Not so discouraged as you may suppose; for Lord Rainsforth often hinted encouragement, which even I could scarcely misconstrue. Not caring for rank, and not wishing for fortune beyond competence for his daughter, he saw in me all he required—a gentleman of ancient birth, and one in whom his own active mind could prosecute that kind of mental ambition which overflowed in him, and yet had never had its vent. And Ellinor!—heaven forbid I should say she loved me,—but something made me think she could do so. Under these notions, suppressing all my hopes, I made a bold effort to master the influences around me, and to adopt that career I thought worthiest of us all. I went to London to read for the bar."

"The bar! is it possible?" cried I. My father smiled sadly.

"Everything seemed possible to me then. I read some months. I began to see my way even in that short time; began to comprehend what would be the difficulties before me, and to feel there was that within me which could master them. I took a holiday and returned to Cumberland. I found Roland there on my return. Always of a roving adventurous temper, though he had not then entered the army, he had, for more than two years, been wandering over the Continent on foot. It was a young knight-errant whom I embraced, and who overwhelmed me with reproaches that I should be reading for the law.—There had never been a lawyer in the family! I knew not exactly wherefore, whether from jealousy, fear, foreboding—but it certainly was a pain that seized me—when I learned from Roland that he had become intimate at Compton Hall. Roland and Lord Rainsforth had met at the house of a neighboring gentleman, and Lord Rainsforth had welcomed his acquaintance, at first perhaps for my sake, afterwards for his own.

"I could not for the life of me," continued my father, "ask Roland if he admired Ellinor; but, when I found that he did not put that question to me, I trembled!"

"We went to Compton together, speaking little by the way. We stayed there some days."

My father here thrust his hand into his waistcoat—all men have their little ways, which denote much; and when my father thrust his hand into his waistcoat, it was always a sign of some mental effort—he was going to prove, or to argue, or to moralise, or to preach. Therefore, though I was listening before with all my ears, I believe I had, speaking magnetically and mesmerically, an extra pair of ears, a new sense supplied to me, when my father put his hand into his waistcoat.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN MY FATHER CONTINUES HIS STORY.

"There is not a mystical creation, type, symbol, or poetical invention for meanings abstruse, recondite, and incomprehensible, which is not represented by the female gender," said my father, having his hand quite buried in his waistcoat.—"There is the Sphynx, and the Enigma, and the Chimera, and Isis, whose veil no man had ever lifted; they are all ladies, Kitty, every one of them! And so was Persephone, who must be always either in Heaven or hell—and Hecate, who was one thing by night and another by day. The Sibyls were females; and so were the Gorgons, the Harpies, the Furies, the Fates, and the Teutonic Valkyrs, Nornies, and Hela herself: in short, all representations of ideas, obscure, inscrutable, and portentous, are nouns feminine."

Heaven bless my father! Augustine Caxton was himself again! I began to fear that the story had slipped away from him, lost in that labyrinth of learning. But luckily, as he paused for breath, his look fell on those limpid blue eyes of my mother's, and that honest open brow of hers, which has certainly nothing in common with Sphynges, Chimeras, Fates, Furies, or Valkyrs; and, whether his heart smote him, or his reason made him own that he had fallen into a very disingenuous and unsound train of assertion, I know not, but his front relaxed, and with a smile he resumed—"Ellinor was the last person in the world to deceive any one willingly. Did she deceive me and Roland that we both, though not conceited men, fancied that, if we had dared to speak openly of love, we had not so dared in vain? or do you, think, Kitty, that a woman really can love (not much, perhaps, but somewhat) two or three, or half a dozen at a time?"

"Impossible," cried my mother. "And as for this Lady Ellinor, I am shocked at her—I don't know what to call it!"

"Nor I either, my dear!" said my father, slowly taking his hand from his waistcoat, as if the effort were too much for him, and the problem were insoluble. "But this, begging your pardon, I do think, that before a young woman does really, truly, and cordially centre her affections on one object, she suffers fancy, imagination, the desire of power, curiosity, or Heaven knows what, to stimulate, even to her own mind, pale reflexions of the luminary not yet risen—parhelia that precede the sun. Don't judge of Roland as you see him now, Pisistratus—grim, and gray, and formal—imagine a nature soaring high amongst daring thoughts or exuberant with the nameless poetry of youthful life—with a frame matchless for bounding elasticity—an eye bright with haughty fire—a heart from which noble sentiments sprang like sparks from an anvil. Lady Ellinor had an ardent, inquisitive imagination. This bold fiery nature must have moved her interest. On the other hand, she had an instructed, full, and eager mind. Am I vain if I say, now at the lapse of so many years, that in my mind her intellect felt companionship? When a woman loves, and marries, and settles, why then she becomes—a one whole, a completed being. But a girl like Ellinor has in her many women. Various herself, all varieties please her. I do believe that, if either of us had spoken the word boldly, Lady Ellinor would have shrunk back to her own heart—examined it, tasked it; and given a frank and generous answer. And he who had spoken first might have had the better chance not to receive a 'No.' But neither of us spoke. And perhaps she was rather curious to know if she had made an impression, than anxious to create it. It was not that she willingly deceived us, but her whole atmosphere was delusion. Mist come before the sunrise. However this be, Roland and I were not long in detecting each other. And hence arose, first coldness, then jealousy, then quarrels."

"Oh, my father your love must have been indeed powerful, to have made a breach between the hearts of two such brothers!"

"Yes," said my father; "it was amidst the old ruins of the castle, there, where I had first seen Ellinor—that, winding my arm round Roland's neck, as I found him seated amongst the weeds and stones, his face buried in his hands—it was there that I said—'Brother, we both love this woman! My nature is the calmer of the two, I shall feel the loss less. Brother, shake hands, and God speed you, for I go!'"

"Austin," murmured my mother, sinking her head on my father's breast.

"And therewith we quarrelled. For it was Roland who insisted, while the tears rolled down his eyes, and he stamped his foot on the ground, that he was the intruder, the interloper—that he had no hope—that he had been a fool and a madman—and that it was for him to go! Now, while we were disputing, and words began to run high, my father's old servant entered the desolate place, with a note from Lady Ellinor to me, asking for the loan of some book I had praised. Roland saw the hand-writing, and while I turned the note over and over irresolutely, before I broke the seal, he vanished.

"He did not return to my father's house. We did not know what had become of him. But I, thinking over that impulsive volcanic nature, took quick alarm. And I went in search of him; came on his track at last; and after many days, found him in a miserable cottage amongst the most dreary of the dreary wastes which form so large a part of Cumberland. He was so altered I scarcely knew him. To be brief, we came at last to a compromise. We would go back to Compton. This suspense was intolerable. One of us at least should take courage and learn his fate. But who should speak first? We drew lots, and the lot fell on me.

"And now that I was really to pass the Rubicon, now that I was to impart that secret hope which had animated me so long—been to me a new life—what where my sensations? My dear boy, depend on it that that age is the happiest, when such feelings as I felt then can agitate us no more. They are mistakes in the serene order of that majestic life which Heaven meant for thoughtful man. Our souls should be as stars on earth, not as meteors and tortured comets. What could I offer to Ellinor—to her father? What but a future of patient labor? And in either answer, what alternative of misery!—my own existence shattered, or Roland's noble heart!

"Well, we went to Compton. In our former visits we had been almost the only guests. Lord Rainsforth did not much affect the intercourse of country squires, less educated then than now. And in excuse for Ellinor and for us, we were almost the only men of her own age she saw when in that large dull house. But now the London season had broken up, the house was filled; there was no longer that familiar and constant approach to the mistress of the Hall, which had made us like one family. Great ladies, fine people, were round her; a look, a smile, a passing word, were as much as I had a right to expect. And the talk, too, how different! Before, I could speak on books,—I was at home there! Roland could pour forth his dreams, his chivalrous love for the past, his bold defiance of the unknown future. And Ellinor, cultivated and fanciful, could sympathise with both. And her father, scholar and gentleman, could sympathise too. But now—"

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN MY FATHER BRINGS ABOUT HIS DENOUEMENT.

"It is no use in the world," said my father, "to know all languages expounded in grammars and splintered up into lexicons, if we don't learn the language of the world. It is a talk apart, Kitty," cried my father, warming up. "It is an anaglyph, a spoken anaglyph, my dear! If all the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians had been A B C to you, still if you did not know the anaglyph, you would know nothing of the true mysteries of the priests.*

"Neither Roland nor I knew one symbol-letter of the anaglyph. Talk, talk—talk on persons we never heard of, things we never cared for. All we thought of importance, puerile or pedantic trifles—all we thought so trite and childish, the grand momentous business of life! If you found a little schoolboy, on his half holiday, fishing for minnows with a crooked pin, and you began to tell him of all the wonders of the deep, the laws of the tides, and the antediluvian relics of iguanodon and ichthyosaurus—nay, if you spoke but of pearl fisheries, and coral banks, or water-kelpies and naiads, would not the little boy cry out peevishly, 'Don't tease me with all that nonsense! let me fish in peace for my minnows.' I think the little boy is right after his own way—it was to fish for minnows that he came out, poor child, not to hear about iguanodons and water-kelpies!

"So the company fished for minnows, and not a word could we say about our pearl fisheries and coral banks! And as for fishing for minnows ourselves, my dear boy, we should have been less bewildered if you had asked us to fish for a mermaid! Do you see, now, one reason why I have let you go thus early into the world? Well, but amongst these minnow-fishers there was one who fished with an air that made the minnows look larger than salmons.

"Trevanion had been at Cambridge with me. We were even intimate. He was a young man like myself, with his way to make in the world. Poor as I—of a family upon a par with mine—old enough but decayed. There was, however, this difference between us. He had connexions in the great world—I had none. Like me his chief pecuniary resource was a college fellowship. Now, Trevanion had established a high reputation at the university; but less as a scholar, though a pretty fair one, than as a man to rise in life. Every faculty he had was an energy. He aimed at every thing—lost some things, gained others. He was a great speaker in a debating society, a member of some politico-economical club. He was an eternal talker—brilliant, various, paradoxical, florid—different from what he is now. For, dreading fancy, his career since has been an effort to curb it. But all his mind attached itself to something that we Englishmen call solid; it was a large mind—not, my dear Kitty, like a fine whale sailing through knowledge from the pleasure of sailing—but like a polypus, that puts forth all its feelers for the purpose of catching hold of something. Trevanion had gone at once to London from the university; his reputation and his talk dazzled his connexions, not unjustly. They made an effort—they got him into parliament; he had spoken, he had succeeded. He came to Compton with the flush of his virgin fame. I cannot convey to you, who know him now—with his care-worn face, and abrupt dry manner,—reduced by perpetual gladiatorship to the skin and bone of his former self—what that man was when he first stepped into the arena of life.

"You see, my listeners, that you have to recollect that we middle-aged folks were young then—that is to say, we were as different from what we are now, as the green bough of summer is from the dry wood, out of which we make a ship or a gate-post. Neither man nor wood comes to the uses of life till the green leaves are stripped and the sap gone. And then the uses of life transform us into strange things with other names; the tree is a tree no more—it is a gate or a ship; the youth is a youth no more, but a one-legged soldier; a hollow-eyed statesman; a scholar spectacled and slippered! When Micyllus—(here the hand slides into the waiscoat again!)—when Micyllus," said my father, "asked the cock that had once been Pythagoras,* if the affair of Troy was really as Homer told it, the cock replied scornfully, 'How could Homer know any thing about it?—at that time he was a camel in Bactria.' Pisistratus, according to the doctrine of metempsychosis, you might have been a Bactrian camel—when that which to my life was the siege of Troy saw Roland and Trevanion before the walls.

"Handsome you can see that Trevanion has been; but the beauty of his countenance then was in its perpetual play, its intellectual eagerness; and his conversation was so discursive, so various, so animated, and, above all, so full of the things of the day! If he had been a priest of Serapis for fifty years, he could not have known the Anaglyph better! Therefore he filled up every crevice and pore of that hollow society with his broken, inquisitive, petulant light. Therefore he was admired, talked of, listened to; and everybody said, 'Trevanion is a rising man.'

"Yet I did not do him then the justice I have done since—for we students and abstract thinkers are apt too much, in our first youth, to look to the *depth* of a man's mind or knowledge, and not enough to the *surface* it may cover. There may be more water in a flowing stream, only four feet deep, and certainly more force and more health, than in a sullen pool, thirty yards to the bottom! I did not do Trevanion justice. I did not see how naturally he realised Lady Ellinor's ideal. I have said that she was like many women in one. Trevanion was a thousand men in one. He had learning to please her mind, eloquence to dazzle her fancy, beauty to please her eye, reputation precisely of the kind to allure her vanity, honor and conscientious purpose to satisfy her judgment. And, above all, he was ambitious. Ambitious not as I—not as Roland was, but ambitious as Ellinor was; ambitious, not to realise some grand ideal in the silent heart, but to grasp the practical positive substances that lay without.

"Ellinor was a child of the great world, and so was he. I saw not all this, nor did Roland; and Trevanion seemed to pay no particular court to Ellinor.

"But the time approached when I ought to speak. The house began to thin. Lord Rainsforth had leisure to resume his easy conferences with me; and one day walking in his garden he gave me the opportunity. For I need not say, Pisistratus," said my father, looking at me earnestly, "that before any man of honor, especially if of inferior worldly pretensions, will open his heart seriously to the daughter, it is his duty to speak first to the parent, whose confidence has imposed that trust." I bowed my head and colored.

"I know not how it was," continued my father, "but Lord Rainsforth turned the conversation on Ellinor. After speaking of his expectations from his son, who was returning home, he said, "But he will of course enter public life,—will, I trust, soon marry, have a separate establishment, and I shall see but little of him. My Ellinor!—I cannot bear the thought of parting wholly with her. And that, to say the selfish truth, is one reason why I have never wished her to marry a rich man, and so leave me forever. I could hope that she will give herself to one who may be contented to reside at least great part of the year with me—who may bless me with another son, not steal from me a daughter. I do not mean that he should waste his life in the country; his occupations would probably lead him to London. I care not where my *house* is, all I want is to keep my *home*. You know,' (he added, with a smile that I thought meaning,) 'how often I have implied to you that I have no vulgar ambition for Ellinor. Her portion must be very small, for my estate is strictly entailed, and I have lived too much up to my income all my life to hope to save much now. But her tastes do not require expense; and while I live, at least, there need be no change. She can only prefer a man whose talents, congenial to hers, will win their own career, and ere I die that career may be made.' Lord Rainsforth paused, and then—how, in what words I know not,—but out all burst!—my long-suppressed, timid, anxious, doubtful, fearful love. The strange energy it had given to a nature till then so retiring and calm! My recent devotion to the law,—my confidence that, with such a prize, I could succeed,—it was but a transfer of labor from one study to another. Labor could conquer all things, and custom sweeten them in the conquest. The bar was a less brilliant career than the senate. But the first aim of the poor man should be independence. In short, Pisistratus, wretched egotist that I was, I forgot Roland in that moment; and I spoke as one who felt his life was in his words.

"Lord Rainsforth looked at me, when I had done, with a countenance full of affection—but it was not cheerful.

"'My dear Caxton,' said he, tremulously, 'I own that I once wished this—wished it from the hour I knew you; but why did you so long—I never suspected that—nor I am sure did Ellinor.' He stopped short, and added quickly—'However, go and speak, as you have spoken to me, to Ellinor. Go, it may not yet be too late. And yet—but go.'

"Too late—what meant those words? Lord Rainsforth had turned hastily down another walk, and left me alone, to ponder over an answer which concealed a riddle. Slowly I took my way towards the house, and sought Lady Ellinor, half hoping, half dreading to find her alone. There was a little room communicating with a conservatory, where she usually sat in the morning. Thither I took my course.

"That room, I see it still!—the walls covered with pictures from her own hand, many were sketches of the haunts we had visited together—the simple ornaments, womanly but not effeminate—the very books on the table that had been made familiar by dear associations. Yes, the *Tasso* in which we had read together the episode of *Clorinda*—there the *Æschylus* in which I translated to her the *Prometheus*. Pedantries these might seem to some; pedantries, perhaps, they were; but they were proofs of that congeniality which had knit the man of books to the daughter of the world. That room—it was the home of my heart! Such, in my vanity of spirit, methought would be the air round a home to come. I looked about me, troubled and confused, and, halting timidly, I saw Ellinor before me, leaning her face on her hand, her cheek more flushed than usual, and tears in her eyes. I approached in silence, and as I drew my chair to the table, my eye fell on a glove on the floor. It was a man's glove. 'Do you know,' said my father, 'that once, when I was very young, I saw Dutch picture called The Glove, and the subject was of murder. There was a weed-grown marshy pool, a desolate dismal landscape, that of itself inspired thoughts of ill deeds and terror. And two men, as if walking by chance, came to this pool, the finger of one pointed to a blood-stained glove, and the eyes of both were fixed on each other, as if there were no need of words. That glove told its tale! The picture had long haunted me in my boyhood, but it never gave me so uneasy and fearful a feeling as did that real glove upon the floor. Why? My dear Pisistratus, the theory of forebodings involves one of those questions on which we may ask 'why' forever. More chilled than I had been in speaking to her father, I took heart at last and spoke to Ellinor"——

My father stopped short; the moon had risen, and was shining full into the room and on his face. And by that light the face was changed; young emotions had brought back youth—my father looked a young man. But what pain was there! If the memory alone could raise what, after all, was but the ghost of suffering, what had been its living reality! Involuntarily, I seized his hand: my father pressed it convulsively, and said, with a deep breath, "It was too late; Trevanion was Lady Ellinor's accepted, plighted, happy lover. My dear Katherine, I do not envy him now; look up, sweet wife, look up!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Ellinor (let me do her justice) was shocked at my silent emotion. No human lip could utter more tender sympathy, more noble self-reproach; but that was no balm to my wound. So I left the house—so I never returned to the law—so all impetus, all motive for exertion, seemed taken from my being—so I went back into books. And so, a moping, despondent, worthless mourner might I have been to the end of my days, but that heaven, in its mercy, sent thy mother, Pisistratus, across my path; and day and night I bless God and her, for I have been, and am—oh, indeed, I am, a happy man!"

My mother threw herself on my father's breast, sobbing violently, and then turned from the room without a word,—my father's eye, swimming in tears, followed her; and then, after pacing the room for some moments in silence, he came up to me, and leaning his arm on my shoulder, whispered, "Can you guess why I have now told you all this, my son?"

"Yes, partly: thank you, father," I faltered, and sat down, for I felt faint.

"Some sons," said my father, seating himself beside me, "would find in their father's follies and errors an excuse for their own: not so will you, Pisistratus."

"I see no folly, no error, sir—only nature and sorrow."

"Pause, ere you thus think," said my father. "Great was the folly, and great the error of indulging imagination that had no basis—of linking the whole usefulness of my life to the will of a human creature like myself. Heaven did not design the passion of love to be this tyrant; nor is it so with the mass and multitude of human life. We dreamers, solitary students like me, or half poets like poor Roland, make our own disease. How many years, even after I had regained serenity, as your mother gave me a home long not appreciated, have I wasted. The main-spring of my existence was snapped—I took no note of time. And therefore now, you see late in life the Nemesis wakes. I look back with regret at powers neglected, opportunities gone. Galvanically I brace up energies half palsied by disuse, and you see me, rather than rest quiet and good for nothing, talked into what, I dare say, are sad follies, by an Uncle Jack! And now I behold Ellinor again; and I say, in wonder, All this—all this—all this agony, all this torpor for that haggard face, that worldly spirit! So is it ever in life. Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.

CHAPTER V.

"And Roland, sir," said I; "how did he take it?"

"With all the indignation of a proud, unreasonable man. More indignant, poor fellow, for me than himself. And so did he wound and gall me by what he said of Ellinor,—and so did he rage against me because I would not share his rage,—that again we quarrelled. We parted, and did not meet for many years. We came into sudden possession of our little fortunes. His he devoted (as you may know) to the purchase of the old ruins, and the commission in the army, which had always been his dream—and so went his way, wrathful.—My share gave me an excuse for indolence,—it satisfied all my wants; and when my old tutor died, and his young child became my ward, and, somehow or other, from my ward my wife, it allowed me to resign my fellowship, and live amongst my books—still as a book myself. One comfort, long before my marriage, I had conceived; and that, too, Roland has since said was comfort to him. Ellinor became an heiress—her poor brother died; and all of the estate that did not pass in the male line devolved on her. That fortune made a gulf between us almost as wide as her marriage. For Ellinor, poor and portionless, in spite of her rank, I could have worked, striven, slaved. But Ellinor rich! it would have crushed me. This was a comfort. But still, still the past—that perpetual aching sense of something that had seemed the essential of life withdrawn from life, evermore, evermore. What was left was not sorrow, it was a void. Had I lived more with men, and less with dreams and books, I should have made my nature large enough to bear the loss of a single passion.—But in solitude we shrink up. No plant so much as man needs the sun and the air. I comprehend now why most of our best and wisest men have lived in capitals; and therefore again I say, that one scholar in a family is enough. Confiding in your sound heart and strong honor, I turn you thus betimes on the world. Have I done wrong? Prove that I have not, my child. Do you know what a very good man has said—Listen and follow my precept, not example.

"The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that every thing seems to say aloud to every man, 'Do something—do it—do it!'"

* The anaglyph was peculiar to the Egyptian Priests—the hieroglyph generally known to the well educated.

* LUCIAN, *The Dream of Micyllus.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

PAUL DELAROCHE.

Our readers have doubtless seen notices in the Post and other papers of the arrival at New York of a great historical picture, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," painted by an eminent French artist, Paul Delaroche. The following is the description given by the New York Tribune of the painting in question; and the judgment of the other New York Journals is equally flattering:

"The talk yesterday, among the initiated, was of Paul Delaroche's great picture, just arrived in this country, of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." It is indeed a noble work, and would alone stamp its author as one of the greatest of living painters. The style is severe, pure and classical—entirely the reverse of all those crimson erudites, which we have been taught to associate in our minds with the modern French school. We venture to say, that all who stand before this picture will confess to themselves that here, for the first time, is their idea of the face and eyes of Napoleon realised. The face is stern, almost haggard, yet very solemn and resigned; and there is a nameless magnetism in the expression which draws tears from the spectators. But the eyes—here is the artist's great triumph. Deep, fixed, unutterably calm and lambent, you see that they are full of an unaccomplished, an irresistible destiny, which is not of earth, and before which earthly obstacles are too insignificant even to be thought about.—Those eyes, once seen, may never be forgotten in this world. In them, as in those of the living Emperor, you behold the secret of Napoleon's power over others, almost over fate itself. In no bust nor picture, elsewhere, is this apparent.

"The accessories of the picture are all done in the style of a great man who feels his power and can afford to reject all vulgar and melodramatic materials. Instead of being mounted upon a fiery charger, painted at the full swoop of a flying leap, pointing his sword over the cliffs, and every limb, and muscle strained in action, Delaroche and Truth dare to place the Emperor upon a mule, where he sits loooking into futurity through the stormy air, his right hand in his breast, and the whole form in complete and rigid repose. The mule, which is most truthfully painted, is led by an old gray-haired guide, who plants his steel-shod staff in the snow and ice, and climbs difficultly up the slippery ledge. All around is snow and ice, and shivering winter—and afar off in the rear, the corner of a banner flutters in the wind. Here is positively all—and yet, from these materials has the artist created a picture that deserves to be as immortal as the extraordinary being who furnishes its subject."

Life on the Frontier.

FROM HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.

BORDER BULLETS;

OR,

Reports From the Rifle of An Old FRONTIER MAN.

A NIGHT AND DAY IN PERIL.

Any one who has travelled the Missouri River could not fail to have been struck with admiration, by the wild and sublime scenery which meets the eye in all directions.

When I was much younger than I am at present, one of my adventurous schemes was a trading trip to New Mexico—then a rare, almost unheard of, project, but now more common and less dangerous by odds. There were four of us, one a Yankee from Maine, another a quadroon Indian and another a backwoodsman like myself. He and I were old acquaintances, but of the others we knew a very little, inasmuch as we had met them only a few weeks previously by the merest chance. The quadroon was a stalwart fellow, with a developement of muscle perfectly astonishing. His skill in the use of fire-arms, and a weapon he never was without—a huge knife—amounted nearly to the legerdemain. His countenance was no particular passport to any body's good graces, and I was not surprised that, try how I might, I could not like him. The Yankee was a little malicious, and not a whit too brave. However, my companion thought with myself, that as they knew the country thereabouts better than we, could converse in Spanish, and were well supplied with articles for traffic—it was our interest to fraternize.

Just above the Council Bluffs—than whose grandeur and sublimity of aspect there is nothing finer—we met six Pawnee Indians, with whom we bivouacked over night. It was a dreadful night in one sense of the word. We spread our blankets in a circle, sleeping, as it were with our feet concentrated in the centre, our heads radiating outward. Our packs we used for pillows. The Heavens were our roof, and the forest trees our curtain. It was decided that the quadroon and Yankee should keep watch while we slumbered, and they accordingly took their posts a few yards distant. All was soon as silent as death, excepting the yelling, howling, and wailing of the wild beasts, to keep away which we adopted the usual precaution of fire.

I had slept about three hours, as near as I could calculate, when I was awakened by a gentle pulling at my pack. There is no half-awake business in the lynx-eyed watchfulness of a dweller in the wilderness. If awake at all he is sure to be wide awake, with every one of his wits to aid him at ten seconds notice. I instinctively scented danger, not as the battle, "afar off," but near at hand and immediate. I did not stir, for I knew too well that if an enemy were so close, the first movement made by me would be the signal for an unerring death-blow. The dusky light, cast from the half-consumed brush, revealed the swarthy forms of the savages, and that of my friend, in motionless repose; I could not discover the guard in the furtive glance I threw around. The pulling at my pack continued, and I perceived that it was being slowly withdrawn from beneath my head. Still I feigned slumber. At length it was ENTIRELY withdrawn, and my head was very carefully permitted to descend to the ground! I manifested a slight condition of disturbance, and, as if in the restlessness of half-broken sleep, changed my position. It was then I heard the voice of the quadroon utter the command,

"If he wakes, strike him before he has time to breathe."

"I will," was the cool reply of the Yankee.

"Take this pack behind yonder rock, while I go for the other one," said the quadroon.

"Make haste about it," whispered the Yankee, as he moved away noiselessly with my property upon his shoulders.

The quadroon now crept towards my friend, who was sleeping nearly opposite to me, and as he turned his back, I drew one of my pistols, without betraying my real situation to shoot him the moment he attempted to carry off my friend's property, but I was spared that trouble. Scarcely had the quadroon stooped over his intended victim, ere he fell. One of the Pawnees like myself, had been watching him with an eagle's unquailing glance, and had, with the speed of the electric fluid, risen and buried his hatchet in his brain.—The crunching sound of the blow made me sick at the stomach, but I could not feel any compassion for the wretch who could deliberately rob his partner in the wilderness, and meditate his murder in cold blood, in a moment I recovered from the shock the quadroon's death had given me, and springing up made after the other robber.

I caught him returning to complete his work of plunder. He was in no respect abashed by my appearance, but coolly drawing his pistols, and taking his knife between his teeth, said, "He 'spose'd he'd have to fight me." Before I could give him my answer the Pawnees were up and about us.—Weighing the whole event in the balance against strict justice, I am constrained to admit that the Yankee deserved to die, but it went "against my grain," as the saying is, to take his life. In the wilds of the New World there is no law but that of might. Judges and juries are never found there excepting of the self-elected, *self-constituted* order, and they have only to act sharply up to the stern requirements of the welfare of the majority. To punish a thief there, such as either the quadroon or the Yankee, slightly, would be productive of no service whatever. The light penalty accomplished the thief would return to his work again, and with it endeavor to wreak his vengeance upon the authors of his disgrace. In the wilderness extremes are altogether patronized. No man steals there who is not thoroughly desperate, and willing to either take or yield life, as chance may direct. Nothing save moral law, of a very peculiar nature, governs adventurers like my associate and myself were. The Pawnees, children of the soil, as wild as the panthers they loved to destroy, had determined, in accordance with forest statute, that the Yankee must cease to live, and he was well aware of the fate in store for him. One of the Pawnees ordered him to lay down his weapons, but he refused. Ten seconds afterwards he was prostrate upon the ground, dead, with five or six hatchets buried in his body.—His goods and those of his accomplice were offered to us, but we declined having anything to do with them, and the Pawnees with a few gestures of surprise, divided them among themselves. In the morning they departed, leaving us at the scene of the night's disaster. We buried the bodies of the ill fated, treacherous men, and sadly oppressed, slowly peregrinated towards a little stream entitled the "Elkhorn." Thus ended our *night*. How much more pleasantly our day was spent, my readers will ere long ascertain.

We forded the "Elkhorn" and stretched into a region of country as rugged as the Alps, and as picturesque and terrific. As I stated in my previous sketch, a human habitation is what the wanderer is always most anxiously in quest of. I should moreover inform the reader that in taking this route we deviated from that first marked out. We had obtained a license at Council Bluffs to trade above, and, in remembrance of the horrid circumstance I have detailed, we concluded to make use of it. We travelled over crag and precipice until after meridian without meeting a solitary sign in the vicinity of the existence of humanity other than that comprised in ourselves. Faint, wearied, and hungered, we clambered to the top of a hill, shaded by tall pines, in order to catch the breeze, and cast ourselves among the tall crab grass, which grew around in abundance. While reclining here, gnawing our hard and scanty fare, and marvelling as to what would be the ultimate result of our hazardous experiment, we heard voices; and our hearts bounded with delight when we discovered that they were not the voices of Indians. Oh! mother tongue, with what power do you appeal to our tenderest susceptibilities! Tutored to fear nothing, we do not hesitate to search for the authors of the sounds which gave joy to our hearts. Hastily finishing our meal, we once more strapped our packs to our backs—they now seemed as light as the down of the thistle—and scampered over the hill and down on the other side. This led us into a large open space of quagmire, into which we sank to the knees at about every step. But every now and then the voices pierced the still air, and we toiled on cheerfully. Half a mile of travel *through*—for I dare not write *over*—this morass ushered us into a forest of sapplings, in which we made a path with little difficulty, only once in a while breaking the rest of a few lizards or unsettling the equanimity of a serpent. We were used to these trifling annoyances. Crossing the sappling forest we emerged upon a prairie, and there—happiness unutterable!—stood a cabin. It was surrounded by men who were dressed in the rude costume of the trapper. They were hurrying from point to point, as if excited powerfully, and at very short intervals they would pause to huzza, or laugh in concert.

There was something wrong!—that was apparent. But what cared we!—tired, shelterless, purposeless, and companionless, with the memory of two recent bloody executions dancing through our brains? Not a jot.

We reached the cabin. It requires no description, for one log cabin is like all of its kind. I pioneered my friend, and the first salutation offered to me was from a diminutive, shrivelled, backwoodsman, whose skin clothing was a mile too big for him, and whose hands, (stretched forth to welcome us,) resembled the talons of a huge bird more than the digitals of a mortal.

"Hallo!" cried he, "whar from, strangers?"

"From nowhere in particular," I answered.

"Whar for?"

"Did intend to go trading in another direction, but the Indians were rather troublesome, and we changed our route."

"Got anything the red skins like?" he inquired, eyeing our packs inquisitively as a dog views a bone held before him.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh!"

By this time the whole number were around us! They comprised exactly a baker's dozen, and I must declare that, born and bred as I was among squatters and trappers, I had never beheld such a ferocious and unseemly appearing body of men in the whole course of my life. My friend, Jim Bowers, (I should have given his name before,) suggested that we had better continue our journey, as we would be late and miss the accomplishment of the purpose for which we started, but I knew that if our new acquaintances possessed any disposition to injure us, they would introduce us to their tender mercies the instant we made tracks from their vicinity. I therefore affected a social recklessness I was far from feeling, and replied that I wouldn't budge a yard from good company, that night at least.

This speech was received with a cheer, and I was immediately offered a cup of spirits. Truth to say I required the draught. It not only restored what strength I had lost, but fortified my courage. Jim swallowed his with the same good effect. We where then asked to eat, and upon accepting the invitation, were shown to a flat rock, upon which stood an iron pot filled with an indescribable mess, which some people, at a loss for a term, might have denominated a stew. Our entertainers ate with us, and a very convivial repast was made of it. I was surprised that they did not invite us to enter the cabin, and that they made no allusion to it. I observed that four of them, however, kept watch at its door and about it, and that every man was armed, as it were, to the teeth.

The shrivelled little note of interrogation kept his eyes so earnestly and constantly fixed upon the moveable properties in our possession, that I had my doubt of his honesty, at least. Notwithstanding my hunger, which had gained remarkable headway during the forty-eight hours previous, I could not relish the meal. Half the men were under the influence of strong drink (obtained, no one could scarcely imagine how,) and the other half were in a semi-jocose mood, which was ever suggesting to their fancies such pleasant and humane recreations as throat-cutting and braining. One of these facetious number related an anecdote of a combat he had had a year or two before, in a remote corner in Kentucky. After he had gouged an eye out of his adversary, kicked a half dozen of his upper teeth down his throat, and broken his nose, he got his ear between his teeth, and then expected him to "give in." To afford him the opportunity, he paused ere he forced his grinders together, but the fellow was "clear grit," and only cried out to "go ahead—I can hear as well without it." The narrator concluded by declaring, with visible self congratulations, that he did go ahead as commanded; but that he admired the belligerent's bravery, that he yielded the fight and "treated." I do not pretend to say that I had never heard of, or witnessed scenes like the one related by this merry personage;—I had! but the time, the place, and the men, made it appear like a new thing to me, and I was thrilled by an indescribable sensation of disgust and wonder. Alas! in the course of my life I have seen too many cruelties, and undergone hardships almost beyon credence. Retrospection, with me embraces as many wonders as the history of Sinbad the sailor.

After the meal was despatched, a provoking and irksome silence prevailed. I was extremely desirous of penetrating to the bottom of the mysterious nature of the matter, but could not bring myself to the point. As often as I opened my mouth to ask what they were doing there, so often I shut it without uttering a word. The little weasel seldom removed his eyes from Jim or myself. The party began to break up and move away in couples, but he remained a fixture. At last he was left alone with us;—that is, his companions, although in sight, were incapable of hearing our conversation, if it was carried on in a low tone.

We endeavored to appear at ease—to be resting from our fatigue—and to care nothing about what was going on.

Finally the little man gave signs of being weary of inspecting us. He drew closer towards us. At length he spoke:

"You don't ask any questions?"

"No," said I, "we have none to ask."

"Don't you wonder what we are doing here?" he interrogated with an air of surprise.

"I didn't," answered I, carelessly.

"Nor I," said Jim, following suit.

"But," I resumed, with a well dissembled look, "now that you speak of it, what are you doing here?"

"Here on business," was the curt response.

"I thought you didn't live here."

"Live here, stranger!" cried the anatomy, "why my land is fifty miles from here—a prettier clearing can't be found on the Missouri.

"Glad that you're so lucky," said I—and continued, "My clearing is hundreds of miles from here, and I wish I was on it."

"One does like to be at home," chimed in our friend.

"Yes," growled Jim, "I always make home the place where I am."

Another long pause succeeded this rambling chat. The little man broke it as before. He said:

"It's a'most time for us to do our business."

I was about to exclaim, testily, "Well, why don't you do it," but my better genius prevented, and I inquired if we were in the way.

"That, depends on circumstances," answered the Lampedo.

"Oh!" grunted Jim, emphatically, as he shuffled from his old position into a new one.

I drew a long breath, and at last asked what those circumstances might be.

"They *mought* be e'ennamost anything," answered the little man, with a grin over what he considered his wit; "but they are peculiar.—You'll undrstand 'em presently."

Our hosts had been talking among themselves all this while, and I had seen that Jim and I formed no inconsiderable portion of their topics. They appeared to be debating ardently about some question in which it was plain enough we were mixed in some way or another. In a short time they seemed to have amicably settled whatever difficulty had existed. One of them came up to the little man, and saying—"All right—tell 'em!"—returned to his comrades.

The little man nodded his head complacently, and condescending to unclose his parchment-covered jaws, he addressed us again:

"We're Lynchers!"

Had he said "We're Robbers" instead, I could not have experienced a more unpleasant shock than that which suddenly ran through my nervous system. Those who have never visited the regions of which I am writing, know nothing of the lynchers or their works. Time and time again have I beheld their transactions. In the majority of cases the decrees of the lynchers were just and unavoidable. In some cases they were fiendish, unmerited and wicked in the extreme. Lynch law in new settlements—in the west and south-west—is not the lynch law of the north—of cities. The lynchers are the oldest and most respectable of the inhabitants. They are as systematically organized and convened as the Senate of the United States. They are governed by rules as fixed as the statutes of the Medes and Persians—have a constitution and laws, written to guide them, and conduct their proceedings with every sort of judicial importance. There is no insanity of the mob discoverable in their movements. They try, condemn and punish a culprit with as much preparation and as coolly, as any Court of the United States. In arresting a person unfortunate enough to come under their notice, they go to all lengths. They will track him hundreds of miles—from state to state, territory to territory. If he delivers himself up quietly he will get all the benefit of such trial as they award—if not he must trust to look for a whole skin before they take him, and look for a speedy settlement of his affairs after they have secured him. The lynchers supply the place of the authorities of the country. Where they are organized, one of Uncle Sam's officials is rarely, if ever seen. Sometimes a judge or two will stray along once in a year, and hold a hurried session which will amount to nothing excepting a farce.

In the meantime the desperadoes who may have committed their various crimes to the detriment of the scattered, *only* self-protected inhabitants, commonly must be supported and guarded entirely at the expense and care of those whom they have wronged. To obviate these difficulties, and get *some* species of law, the lynchers were instituted by the people. I admit that their code is bloody and barbarous, and that it is not sanctioned by the government, but it has bloody and barbarous men to deal with—men who will burn a cabin and tenants to gratify a feeling of vengeance, or murder a whole colony for the sake of a few dollars, or their equivalent. Bad as Lynch law unquestionably is, it is better than no law at all, and this is all the choice the inhabitants of these wilds have. Among the lynchers are ministers of the gospel, lawyers, &c. The little shrivelled creature with whom I held the conversation detailed above, was an itinerant preacher. I was told that he was a very fair one. In preachers, as in law, the new settler is obliged to be contented with the best he can procure. My object is to combine, in these brief sketches, truth and information with interest and amusement. Let no one be offended because I have stated that ministers are leagued with the lynchers, for such is the fact, to alter which is entirely out of my power, or any other man's. Opposed to the lynchers, is a class of the community who are perfectly honest in their opposition, and who are organized for resistance. Many terrific encounters of the lynchers and their opponents take place. They seldom end without causing the death of a fair share of each party, for both are alike composed of men who have no fear, and who will obstinately do battle, after commencing it, until they conquer or die. The information imparted by my shrivelled interlocutor, paralyzed the circulation of my blood momentarily, for even with my views of lynching and its immediate supporters, I did not like to come in contact with any of the doings of the latter. There is something horrifying in the idea that you are about to witness the arbitrary of the self-imposed task of meting out fair and impartial justice.

I paused awhile to recover from the shock of the abrupt and brief declaration of "we're lynchers." I comprehended the nature of the "business" before spoken of at once. Some poor creature had experienced the curse of their displeasure, and they were on his track! I concluded to quit the spot incontinently. To stay here and be pained—or *bored*, if not pained—by beholding a cruel execution, or a scene of savage torture, would lend no lustre to my character, or aid me to dispose of my goods.

"You're lynchers," I answered, (after tipping a wink at Jim.) "Then this is no place for us."

"Why?" he cried, rather than asked our tormentor.

"Business is better accomplished in private by the individuals interested therein. It don't become us to remain here and be accompanied with your proceedings."

"But you can't go now," said the little man.

"Can't go?"

"No—you will be benighted in the forest, and chawed up by the varmints, or murdered by the Indians if you do."

"That," I promptly answered, "is a risk we all expect to run. It will be but a proper penalty to dare for venturing to thrust ourselves among you so unceremoniously. We shall depart now without delay."

So saying we arose.

"We cannot permit you to leave us," said the little man, firmly, after scrutinising us keenly.

"Why keep us here?"

"It is the wish of the company: therefore sit down, and swear you will not interfere in what may transpire, or breathe a word of what you see and hear, to a living soul."

"Swear!" exclaimed Jim, interrogately.

"Yes—or be shot, you can take your choice."

Finding a demurrer would be of no avail, we doggedly succumbed to our fate, and took the proposed oath, the lynchers, while we did so, handling their knives as though they would like no greater amusement than that of cutting our throats, or chopping us into inch bits.

We learned after undergoing this compulsory asseverating ordeal, that they had waited to take the sense of the meeting touching what was to be done with us. Their final resolve was as I have demonstrated it. Perilous enough had been our position, when our lives depended upon the mere caprice of a few of our fellow-beings, and was saved by their vote.

We were now told that they were in pursuit of a culprit, and that the cabin before us was his abiding place. They had tracked him during a fortnight. The offences charged upon him were murder and horse-stealing. They had had his hut in a state of siege for some days. All this time he had maintained an obstinate silence, and evinced no desire to compromise matters, or to give any satisfaction whatever. Their original determination was to starve him out, but this they had changed, and were now going to bring him out or *burn him with his own tenement*. As there was no prospect of his falling short of edibles, I shuddered at the landscape spread before my mental vision. Escape there was none. We could only remain and endure whatever dismal scenes destiny had provided for us.

The business of the day was commenced by the lean man, who went to the door and thundered at it with the breech of his musket. We waited breathless for an answer, but none came.

Again the breech of the musket was applied to the door, and this time with an accompaniment of exclamations that, any hearer would have declared came from the throats of no cherubs.

"Hallo! within there!" screamed parchment face. No answer.

"We shall set fire to the cabin if you don't immediately come forth," he continued.

Still no answer.

"We are in earnest you may depend," resumed the speaker.

Yet there was no answer from within.

"You are aware that we can break this door through in five minutes. Be wise and come forth, or we shall burn the cabin, I tell ye."

But they might as well have discoursed to air.

"Boys—fire up!" commanded the little man, after waiting a few seconds to ascertain what effect his domestic eloquence had produced.

He turned away and joined his comrades.

"Perhaps the fellow's dead?" suggested one.

"No," responded the little parson, "not he; I've dealt with these chaps before. He's there snug! Come, light up. We've been fools to wait so long upon his motions."

In a very short time a pile of faggots was placed against the door and ignited. The breeze was light, and an immense volume of smoke rolled slowly upwards, and thickened the surrounding atmosphere. [illegible] began to crackle, and finally it was one living coal. The logs of which it was made were tough and green, and did not burn readily, else an entrance would have been gained sooner. The lynchers stood like so many statues, with their arms ready for use, watching every conceivable outlet, as a cat would enforce surveillance over a mouse trap. Not a muscle moved in that stern assemblage. At length the door gave way, and a general cheer was the consequence.

"Let it burn on," said the little man, "if he can't come out now he may perish."

He had scarcely uttered those words before a human being bounded over the smoking embers, and sprang into our midst. Almost simultaneously several of the lynchers set about extinguishing the flames. A ring was formed of the lyncers, Jim and myself included, about the man in the toils. He was an athletic in appearance—beautifully made, with a skin as smooth and white as a girl's, and an eye whose fire shone like the sun's.

"At last we've got you," said Cadaverous, with a sickly smile.

"Yes, by besieging my property and burning it," was the reply.

"What's your name?" asked Cadaverous, as the secretary noted down the proceedings.

"James Thompson."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You are a stranger here?"

"I have lived here one year and four months."

"Where are you from?"

"Louisiana."

"You are charged with horse-stealing and assassination," said Cadaverous.

"Both charges are false."

"Did you not kill Thomas Schooley?"

"Yes, in a fair and honorable duel."

"You lie—you murdered him."

"You are supported by your friends, or you would not speak as you do, nor any one of your company."

"Hum!" exclaimed Cadaverous, and continued "Do you know that we are the lynchers?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not face us before?"

"Because it did not please me."

"You have confessed that you killed Tom Schooley, have you not?"

The young man refused to answer any more questions until he stood within his own dwelling, and some of their party, the lynchers agreed to follow him inside. There they hemmed him in as before. The apartment was very roomy and scrupulously clean, but it was scantily furnished.

The interrogation was resumed and finished. A couple of witnesses were called and examined. It was too apparent that the young man was a horse-thief and an assassin. Cadaverous, after consulting with his partners, said, in a voice whose tones were solemn and suggestive of dignity—

"James Thompson, we have found you guilty of theft and murder. Hear the sentence of this court. Five minutes will be allowed you for preparation, at the end of which time you will be hanged, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The young man burst forth into a complete torrent of invective. He called them butchers, robbers and everything else that was opprobrious. He denied their right to punish him, and taunted them with being cowardly, and relying for conquest upon their superior numbers. The lynchers heard him calmly until the five minutes were expired, when the little man merely said, "*Time's up!*" and then every rifle was cocked.

"Do you think I'll be hung, quietly and submissively, like a dog?" yelled Thompson, drawing his knife, "no—if you will have my life, you shall pay for it."

In an instant he was cutting savagely among his enemies. Half a dozen rifles were discharged, and the place was filled with smoke, which precluded the possibility of seeing what was going on; but I could hear the panting, the struggles, and groans of combatants. As for Jim and I, we remembered our oath, and did nothing save escape to the open air. We had hardly breathed the pure atmosphere for the space of a second, ere Thompson rushed forth, covered with blood, followed by the lynchers. He ran about an hundred yards, and fell dead, first burying his knife, with a savage blow, three inches in the trunk of a young tree.

He had slain four of his assailants, and wounded two, one of whom was our shrivelled little friend. Jim found a rifle ball in the fleshy part of his arm. I discovered the perforations of two balls in my hat. We had enough of trading expeditions, and the next day we were at Council Bluffs on our way home.

I have never forgotten *my night and day of peril.*

Such is life, *or death*, in the new part of the New World. T. W. H.

MISUNDERSTANDING and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice, or at least, their consequences are more universal.

Our Correspondents.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

[We have received the following well-written letter, containing some strictures, kindly meant and as kindly spoken, upon some remarks in a late letter of our talented correspondent, Grace Greenwood. Grace gives such free, full and delightful play to her pen, that it would be strange if she did not say things occasionally in "fun," [illegible] which are true in a certain sense, though not always the whole truth—but [illegible] compelled to [illegible] in sober earnest. At least such is our view of the case—but Grace is "of age," mentally as well as according to law, and can speak for herself. And now for our new correspondent's letter:]

LETTER FROM LIDA LOVEGOOD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GENTLEMEN,—Before entering upon the subject of my letter, I cannot forbear calling your attention to the unique and charming name with which I have graced the close of it, and endeavoring to make you perceive how wonderful it was that I should fish it up out of a brain more muddy than usual from fatigue and over-excitement, on the very evening before your paper containing Grace Greenwood's offending letter came to hand. And I am fully persuaded in my own mind, that if her incognito is more "suggestive," as she would say, of grandeur, majesty, &c., in respect to *liquidity* and sweetness, mine will win the palm;—in other words, if hers is high-sounding and queenly, mine is *fireside* and loveable. But I am forgetting that "eyes editorial" are also "eyes critical," and my delectable little pet name may never appear in print after all my rhapsodizing.

So to come to the point. *I* have sealed myself with a firm determination to take your favorite Grace to task for some sentiments contained in her letter dated Sept. 26th, giving an account exceedingly graphic and spirited, of her visit to the "Nob." I pass over the "charming cottage," near which her "sensibilities were shocked" at the sight of a damsel "pulling a cow;" because I am aware that with the intelligent and refined class of farmers, this is becoming, as it should be, an unheard of occupation for ladies. Yet I have vividly before my memory's eye the recollection of one dear English family, who, in their native land gathered about their table, much of the wealth and talent of the kingdom, and who, becoming reduced, emigrated to the Western portion of our Republic, whose daughters, high-minded and intellectual as they were, deemed it no disparagement not only to assist their mother in the house, thus obviating the unpleasant necessity of constant "help," but occasionally to milk the cows, when there was no one else to do it.

Oh the remembrance of the happy hours spent in thy woods and hay-fields, sweet Maple Farm! How we, grown-up children, sat upon the ground in the shade of a fragrant hay-stack, innocent of beaux and evil thoughts, and covered each other with the new-mown hay, till we looked like miniature hay-stacks ourselves. How we rambled in the wood and by the stream-side among the alders, where the south wind came to us with a soothing cadence, like a mother's loving whisper. Then the strolling half-reluctant manner in which we obeyed the tea-summons, zigzagging here for a flower, there for a butter-fly, and again for nothing at all, struggling about in a fashion which would have rejoiced the hearts of a whole tribe of gypsies. Then after tea came the books, the music, the work-baskets, when the flashing eyes and glad [illegible] voices, telling of "sound minds in sound bodies," and the presence of the heart-warm hand, would have won the love of our sensitive Grace herself, although that hand in the morning had washed dishes, and possibly—milked a cow!

Sweet Maple Farm! How gladly would I re-visit your broad rolling meadows, your quiet orchard shades, your green-house and your cabbage-garden, even at the risk of spending some two hours every morning in the kitchen, to enjoy the society of its dear inmates. But I am digressing strangely, while Grace yet goes "unwhipt of justice," and I sadly fear that most of the withering sentences which I had prepared for her, have slipped from my mind in its wanderings.

Concerning the triumph of the "utile" over the "dulci," in the matter of onions and cabbages *versus* roses, I have little to say, because Grace speaks positively, and I know that greater *mesalliances* are sometimes made, than for a man who possesses inclination and taste sufficient to rear so lovely a cottage as she describes, to connect himself with a woman who has neither the wish nor the talent to adorn it. I would venture, however, to whisper in Grace's ear, that the fear of the onion-patch before her olfactories, *possibly* caused her to turn her head too soon to discover the violets and roses, or at least the poppies and marigolds which *might* have been blooming near. But I am not strenuous on this point, and probably should not have thought of it at all, but from the fact that I have lately returned from a trip through some of the Western counties of Ohio, where I was much surprised and gratified at the appearance not only of neatness and prosperity among what we call the lower classes, but of a certain degree of attention to minor [illegible] flowers, &c., which are generally supposed to form no part of the "calculations" of a Western farmer struggling for life in a new country.

In the yard of almost every dwelling, however humble, clustered tall lilacs and rose-bushes, and not unfrequently the dahlia reared her stately head, striving to rival the royal flower itself. So many exhibitions of this kind among people who, I am certain, had no "industrious sprites and obliging fairies" to perform their household work, but actually first made their bread and butter and then ate it; so many green wooden bowls, and mended tea-pots standing in mended windows, containing perhaps, nothing more rare than a geranium, yet tenderly watched and watered; made me almost a convert to the fascinating theory that every human heart yearns after the Beautiful.

But I am afraid Grace will think me getting transcendental, so I proceed to the third count in the indictment, which, in fact, the only one worth litigation. I mean the terms in which she speaks of the "respectable help-ocracy" of "servants," a name which I do utterly detest, and hope ere long to see banished from the vocabulary of Americans.

Now, I have always given Grace credit, not only for much goodness of heart, but for a fair portion of the reforming element, and I cannot believe that she would in sober earnest speak heartlessly of any class of her fellow beings, however disagreeable in manners and habits they may be when those habits and manners were formed by circumstances so unpropitious as usually attend the lives of domestics.

A character degraded in spite of moral training and pure associations, breaking away from influences which would have restrained and elevated it, falling, like a star, from light and heaven, into blackness and chaos, is surely more worthy of condemnation; yet how generally our sympathy and forbearance are extended toward such an one while ridicule and contempt are heaped upon these venial offenders, because, forsooth, they are nothing but "beet heads." I can fancy Grace saying, "If they were only ignorant and erring she could bear with them, perhaps even take some of the younger ones by the hand and tell them of better things but their self-importance and *consequentialness* keep benevolence at a distance, and form the greatest barrier to their improvement."

I acknowledge the truth of this, but if poverty and a wrongly constituted society have made them what they are, should not society at least compassionate, and deal with them as leniently as possible?

Grace has a fine flow of spirits, and a strong penchant for fun-making, and to this I attribute most that she says concerning the "hardening of temper and hands, the destruction of patience on comfort," &c. I know that in many families "foreign help" is always indispensable, in the smallest ones frequently so, and if Grace really "stands a chance of becoming domestic and *no thing else*" on account of her "*easy* to help" reputation, if her "habits of study and plans of pleasure" are alarmingly intercepted, so that she considers barbarism her first danger, it is indeed a deplorable state of things; but I do not believe she seriously thinks it impossible for a young lady, healthy and active, to pass two or three hours daily in her mother's kitchen, and yet have sufficient time left for a reasonable amount of reading, writing and recreation. Yet it is not surprising that a young lady who earns and doubtless receives a generous amount of "pin-money," and can therefore "afford it," should prefer to pass all her time in intellectual instead of household pursuits, so I will not quarrel with Grace for that, especially as I have myself been recently stigmatized by a domestic as being "a deal fonder of settin' round and readin' books, than seein' to the work." All I contend for is that justice, fair and equal, be done both to the labor and the laborers, and on neither be cast more odium than they deserve.

Before I close, let me briefly notice her remark upon pride, that "unpardonable sin, that capital crime west of the Alleghanies." Oh, Grace! be proud; I would have you so, Heaven would have you so; proud enough of your God-given genius and brilliant talents, to exert them for the proudest of purposes, the elevation of Truth, the well-being of Mankind. But Grace seems to refer to pride of another sort, pride of birth, station, circumstances, or something, I hardly know what. And yet this is past belief. To think of Grace, the sympathizing, the affectionate, getting aristocratic and exclusive,—to imagine the heart-lighted face which I have loved to picture to my mind's eye, growing haughty and haughty, and casting scornful glances toward the plebeian million! Out upon it! Even by the passing thought I have wronged her noble nature. But I would have her like the Roman's wife, "above suspicion." I would have her guard the emanations of her intellect with a jealous eye, lest they should seem to fall short of their fitting goal. In a word, I would have her take a proud place among the "female reformers" of the age. Do not be startled, gentlemen, I am no disciple of Abby Kelley, but if there is any character I do love, it is an active, earnest woman, judiciously using her talents, if she have any, and her influence, which all have, for the advancement of some living good, the advocacy of some worthy purpose.

LIDA LOVEGOOD.

Columbiana, Ohio, Oct., 1848.

AND YET ANOTHER.

[Grace's random remarks about "help" in the West, seem to have caused quite a stir in the hive. The busy-bees do not fancy having their ceremonies meddled with, even in jest. And we are inclined to think that Grace's remarks were about two-thirds in jest—though it would be folly to say there is not some truth in them: unless the Western "help" is far superior to our Eastern, and the whole fault lies with the mistresses, and none of it with the maids. But here "Sally Simpson," who talks as if she was "one of them."]

WESTERN HELP.

Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, Oct. 10, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—After placing some cream in the churn this morning, I took up the Post of the 7th inst., to entertain myself whilst making "the thick cream to butter turn." The first article that met my eye was Grace Greenwood's letter of September 26th, in which she speaks rather disparagingly of domestic labor, and those who perform it. Now, although I always read anything from her pen with great avidity, I was astonished to find she entertains such sentiments; for I had thought her too Democratic, too Republican, to give the least countenance to the unjust distinctions so rapidly finding their way into our Northern States. One gentleman remarked, after reading her letter, "Why, she had better go to the South at once, where she can be well waited upon."

Grace must, if anything of a philanthropist, rejoice in the fact that more lucrative situations are opening to her sex than those they have most frequently occupied, in the kitchens of persons possessing rather more worldly wealth than themselves, who seem to consider that a sufficient excuse for imposing every kind of hardship upon their "*help*."

I know from full experience the trials incident to one who performs the labors of a household—the weary limbs, the worn and ruffled spirits, the thousand annoyances inseparably connected with them; but I beg of Grace, for pity's sake, not to blame innocent girls for refusing to place themselves under the care of mistresses, who, in their anxiety for "intellectual pursuits, or pleasure excursions," forget there may be kindred feelings in those they employ, and so completely monopolize all their time, as not to leave them a moment for recreation.

Grace must know, or if she does not, I do, that there are intelligent, efficient girls in the West, who would be more than willing to render those services to others, were it not for the unavoidable consequence of *loss of caste!*

Why even she admits that she does not consider a woman that *works* (I employ the word in its common acceptation,) can be intellectual or have much enjoyment. How, then, can she expect any one, capable of reflection, voluntarily to place herself in such a situation? However, I consider her mistaken in her view of the matter. I believe it is only by a faithful discharge of our duties, be they great or small, and not through any pleasant plan we may form for ourselves, that we can find true pleasure. And so long as we *have* to eat, drink, and sleep, why should it be derogatory to any one's character, to contribute to the supply of nature's demands?

In our village the most intelligent, efficient, and agreeable women are those who perform all kinds of domestic labor, have the charge of families, and minister to all their wants—whose reading and writing hours are snatched at intervals when their children are asleep, or at play, (or even when soothing their little ones to sleep upon their laps,) and after having faithfully performed all their domestic labors.

It is true we have even here, some of the would-be aristocracy, but I fancy they find fewer enjoyments than we of the working class. I heard a spirited girl say in regard to going to service in one of those families, that she should ask more than ordinary wages *to compensate in some measure for the disgrace of living in their kitchen*. And she was right; for in addition to more drudgery than is generally imposed in more democratic families, girls who go to service amongst the aristocracy are made to feel that there is a wide difference between employers and employed.

I know a young girl of respectable connexions, who, not very long since, went to live with a family that professes to believe that all who are upright are equal. After completing her allotted tasks, which occupied till about 10 o'clock in the evening, she ventured to take a seat in the sitting-room. There happened to be some young persons visiting there who began to wink and titter, and finally the daughter of the family taking a candle, withdrew with her company to an upstairs parlor, after which she returned and informed the astonished girl that if she wished to retire, Susan (a little child they had living in the family,) would show her the way to bed. The next morning she sought for an explanation of such treatment, and feeling rather insulted by the reply made her, stopped in the midst of washing dishes, and left them to do as they could without her. She has since found a [illegible] where she is treated as a companion. And I cannot see but what the reason rendered for not going to Grace Greenwood's, was a very good and sufficient one, if such was the fact.

Grace may think me rather warm on the subject. I beg her pardon if I am too much so; but I will acknowledge that I am probably as sensitive when any odium is sought to be cast upon "*help*," as she could possibly be at being stigmatized as "a bloo."

Should my remarks find favor in your eyes you may possibly hear again, sometime, on the subject of labor from SALLY SIMPSON.

Varieties.

FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love
Until we come to leave;
An aged tree, a common flower,
Are things o'er which we grieve;
There is a pleasure in the pain
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart,
And memories unmarked till then,
Come crowding round the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

GIBBON'S LOVE FIT.—Soon after this celebrated historian became an inhabitant of Lousianne, a lady of beauty and talents made such an impression upon his heart, that he could not resist the impulse of love, but falling on his knees avowed the passion her charms had inspired.

The object of his affection, in spite of the historian's eloquence, was deaf to his entreaties, and requested him to rise.

He attempted to obey this injunction, but in vain, for his weighty person, unaccustomed to such a position, was not easily restored to its proper balance. The lady fearing that some one might detect her admirer in this awkward situation, forgot her anger, and endeavored to lift him from the ground. Her strength, however, was unequal to the task, and after various ineffectual struggles, both by Gibbon and the lady, the latter was obliged to ring the bell, and order her astonished servant to raise the prostrate scholar.

WEIGHTY CAUSE FOR A REBELLION.—Distinguished statesmen of all nations have given their opinion upon the nice point of how much provocation will justify a nation in rising in rebellion against its constituted rulers. The people of Nepaul, India, lately rebelled against their King, and if the statement of the cause is correct, were abundantly justified in so doing, as it was evidently with them a case of "neck or nothing." It seems that the King had been ill, and the rance promised that if he recovered she would sacrifice 1½ lac (150,000) human heads in honor of her favorite deity. The King got better and her highness at once proceeded to fulfil the vow. But the hundred and fifty thousand heads not relishing the summary mode of proceeding proposed to be adopted, did their best to resist the execution of the decree. Hence the disturbance.

PACIFIC STATESMEN.—The London Spectator, says:—

"It has been remarked that Wellington and Soult are the two most pacific statesmen of the day. This is less characteristic of the individuals, than of their trade. The soldier, by profession, as he is the most efficient, so he is the least addicted to fight *for fighting's sake*. He is no amateur, morbidly anxious to show off his cleverness, not one who prides himself only in so far as he is able to work out results by it. Dilettanti soldiers like dilettanti lawyers and physicians, are your great makers of mischief."

A REASONABLE PRAYER.—Josiah Winslow was one of the early Governors of the Massachusetts Colony. It is said that at his funeral, the Rev. Mr. Witherell, of Scituate, prayed that "the Governor's son might be made half equal to his father." The Rev. Dr. Gad Hitchcock observed afterwards "that the prayer was so very reasonable it might be hoped that God would grant it; but He did not."—*N. Y. Observer.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—"Men talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, and a hundred other shining qualities; but after seven years' union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt at every hour in the husband's purse."

A PROFESSIONAL CHARGE.—A writer in the Whig Review tells an anecdote of a lawyer, who charged his client, among other items, for "walking in the night, and thinking of his business."

TRUE.—A writer in Hunt's Magazine says that, "were the Sabbath abolished, the poor man would receive no more for his seven days' labor than he does now for six."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 99 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage *is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. H. The writer of this poem regrets that we did not think a former piece up to the standard of the Post. He says: "It was merely a tribute to friendship without pretending to poetic excellence." Does not our friend see he is very unreasonable in asking us to publish articles which are "merely tributes to friendship," without possessing that poetic excellence which alone can make them generally acceptable?—We could fill our paper, large as it is, weekly, with original matter, and thereby please a number of authors and their friends greatly, but what would our vast family of other readers think?

ACCEPTED. "October," "Sonnet to John Mitchel," and "The Fallen Star."

DECLINED. "Music of the Sea," "Fond Expectations," "Genius, Its Trials and Rewards," "Song," and "Autumn" are respectfully declined. Most of these pieces have much merit; but we think not quite sufficient to warrant us in inserting them in the Post.

SERENADE. Parts of this are pretty, but it is hardly "drawn enough water." Does the author think he is doing a sensible thing in singing to his lady love as follows:

"Oh, wake thee, lady—come with me,
And thou my guiding star shall be,
Together o'er the fields we'll stray
And gather flowers till dawn of day."

Suppose his fair sweetheart was to take him at his word and comply with his request, would he not be astonished to see the front door open, and she come tripping out, attired for a ramble in the fields, "till dawn of day." The consequences would probably be a severe cold, and danger of consumption, to say nothing of no small amount of scandal. Friend S., never ask a lady to do that in poetry, which you would be ashamed to ask her to do in sober prose.

R. J. L. As we have not near so high an opinion of the productions in question as the lady critic, we must beg leave to decline the publication of the article sent us.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Over six months ago, when we became sole proprietors of the Post, and enlarged the paper to its present mammoth size, we took the liberty of calling upon those of our readers who wished us success in our efforts, to exert themselves to aid us in the only way in which such aid could be effectually rendered, by prevailing upon their friends and neighbors to subscribe to the enlarged paper.

This appeal, we are pleased and proud to say, did not fall upon unheeding ears or unwilling hearts. Our friends in all directions bestirred themselves, and soon the names of new subscribers began to pour in upon us in clubs of eight, and twenties, and even fifties—making an aggregate of many thousands. For these efforts of our friends—friends truly, though most of them unknown to us personally—we were and are profoundly grateful.

But as the time has now come round, when individuals in the country may naturally be supposed to have turned their attention to some means of supplying reading for the long winter evenings that are approaching, we have thought that we might make bold to request the services of our friends in another "long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether," to place the Post in some thousands of happy homes—happy save in the respect of their being without a large and good, or even perhaps without *any* newspaper.

We know this is asking our friends to take some trouble on our behalf, but we also know the little trouble they will have to encounter, is no comparison to the great good they are able to do us.

In those cases especially where the subscription of a club has run out, how easy, generally, is making up the new club, to double or even treble and quadruple its number.

As some inducement to such efforts, we renew the premium to the post town sending us the largest number of names. Salem has it this year—how easy any one of five hundred other towns might have had it.

In conclusion, we may say that our strenuous efforts shall be continued to maintain for the Post that character already awarded to it *by the best judges*, of being decidedly the most interesting and the highest toned family weekly paper published on the American Continent.

DEACON & PETERSON.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news brought by the last steamship, the Europa, is of a very important character. Austria seems to be re-enacting, in a degree, with her Emperor, the part played by France with Louis XVI. All will remember how the latter, after having fled from Paris, became again, after being brought back, the object of enthusiastic royalty; which changed yet again into hatred and aversion. So the Emperor of Austria, having returned from the Tyrol, where he had taken refuge, and been received with great demonstrations of attachment, has again lost the love and confidence of "his faithful Viennese."

In truth it appears as if a people accustomed from birth to the presence of a king, are afraid, at first, that the heavens will fall if he deserts them. But little by little they become used to the thought of doing without him, and again break out into violence at his natural attempts to re-establish his rudely shaken power.

Thus, in Vienna, another insurrection has broken out. The general cause of it was a belief that the king was taking reactionary measures, and concentrating troops around the capital to overawe the people. But the immediate cause, was the attempt to remove a portion of the military, the German Grenadiers, who were known to be friendly to the popular cause, and, as it was believed, because of that friendliness. These troops were ordered to march to join the army in Hungary, being "escorted" by a squadron of cavalry. The people assembled and opposed their progress—a contest began, in which the Grenadiers sided with the people and the National Guards. The insurgents finally were victorious, the arsenal being at last surrendered, and the loyal portion of the troops evacuated the town, and, at the last advices, were encamped outside its walls.

One deed of shame was done by the insurgents, or rather, we would believe, by the viler portion of them. A party broke into the War Office, seized the cannon and arms deposited in that building, and inhumanly murdered Count Latour, the Minister of War. An account in the London Times says:

The wretched man was conducted into the street, and then he was murdered with blows from axes and sledge hammers. The people tore the clothes and orders from the bleeding body and hung the naked corpse on a gibbet, where it remained suspended for a whole day, during which the National Guards riddled it with musket balls.

We trust this statement is exaggerated; but it is evident that the Austrians are not so well prepared for liberty as the French. Count Lamberg, who was sent by the Emperor to mediate between the Hungarians and the Croatians, who are at open war, was seized by the mob of Ofen, dragged from his carriage, and brutally murdered. Such events bespeak a people too long accustomed to the brutality of a tyrannical government, to be able to practice at once that toleration and mildness which are inseparably linked with true freedom.

The Emperor of Austria had fled from his palace at Schoenbrun, for the apparent purpose of rallying troops to crush the insurrection. The result of the civil war, which seems impending, will depend upon the support given by the people of Austria generally, to the Viennese. It is supposed that the Emperor may possibly call in the aid of Russia; in which event, France would undoubtedly aid the popular cause, and the general war in Europe, so long feared—and for that very reason, this far successfully avoided—be the result. The *effect* of this outbreak may also be the renewal of the war for possession of Lombardy by Charles Albert, and a sympathetic insurrection in Naples, now that the Neapolitan army is fully employed in Sicily.

The same question appears to be agitating France, which is agitating us, that of the Presidency. Louis Napoleon has had the worst of course to open his lips in the National Assembly, and having thus exposed the calibre of his mind, his chances were diminishing every day. He failed in eloquence—even, he failed in theatrical effect. He hesitated, he was confused, he said nothing of the glory of France, of its being indissolubly connected with that of the great founder of his house, he did not touch the electric chord, Napoleon. Besides, he spoke with a German accent. His opponents breathed freer, they saw their advantage. M. Thouret, who had offered an amendment in condemnation of the "Pretender," as he called him, rose from his seat, and, with undisguised irony, said, that after the few short sentences they had heard, he was quite satisfied that his fears of the "Pretender," were exaggerated, and that his amendment was needless, and therefore withdrew it. The observation was received with loud plaudits from all sides of the Assembly, excepting from that upon which Prince Louis Napoleon and his friends were seated. The *Debats* said, in its report, that the words spoken by the oratorical novice produced a marvellous effect, for they set those who most feared him quite at their ease.

In proportion as Louis Napoleon's chances diminish, do those of Cavaignac, and Lamartine,—yes, of Lamartine—increase. For Lamartine, that "noblest Roman of them all," may be after all the first President of the new Republic. A speech made by him in relation to the mode of electing the first President—whether by the Assembly or by the people—did much to settle that question in favor of the liberal and republican course, and has relit that flame of admiration which at the commencement of the Revolution burnt for him so brightly. The following description of the effect of his last speech is from the Paris paper "*La Presse*:"

M. de Lamartine went on to show how selfish-ness would attack the motives of the persons voting for the President—one, because he was a relative; another, a friend; and a third, that he wanted an embassy! At these words, shouts of approbation issued from every bench, and the Assembly, rising by an electric movement, rushed round the tribune, disputing with each other to grasp the hand of the eloquent speaker; amongst the foremost we beheld M. M. Duclerc, Garnier Pages, and Pagnerre. We also beheld—oh, ingratitude of men, and effect of the setting sun!—General Cavaignac left alone on his bench, where he was apparently bound in taking notes, whilst M. Marrast—

"L'œil morne maintenant et la tete baissee,
Semblait se conformer a sa trist pensee,"

for the Presidential Chair, now become a veritable bed of suffering. We can comprehend the effect produced by this apostrophe of M. de Lamartine; it was by an allocution of that kind that Cromwell drove out the members of the rump parliament. The success of M. de Lamartine was complete, and the question of the Presidency may be regarded as settled.

The election of Lamartine to the Presidency would be a source of pleasure to the great body of Republicans, the world over. He, of all the new men that have appeared on the stage of action during the late troublous times in France, has conducted himself with the most moderation, liberality and firmness. He may be deficient in some practical points of character, but not more so than others; while he excels all his rivals in purity, disinterestedness and a desire to carry out in sincerity, so far as is practicable, the great principles of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the motto and watch-words of the Revolution.

In Ireland, Smith O'Brien has been found guilty—the jury recommending him to mercy in the following words: "We earnestly recommend the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Government, the jury being unanimously of opinion that for various reasons his life should be spared."

The Clerk of the Crown then asked Mr. O'Brien what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him.

Mr. O'Brien said—My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence. (Cheers in the gallery.)

The Chief Justice then proceeded to sentence him to death—we extract the following passage from the sentence, as a proof of the barbarism that still marks the English law: "Afterwards, (after he is dead) your head shall be severed from your body, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty shall please."

We remember the noble reply of the gallant Montrose, when this part of a similar sentence was pronounced upon him, coupled with the declaration that the various members of his body would be put up over the gates of the four principal towns in Scotland—to the effect, that he lamented he had not a limb for every town and village in the land, that they might be kept in remembrance of how a gallant man should die.

O'Brien appears to have conducted himself with great dignity and courage during his trial, and at and after his condemnation; preserving a cheerful mein, such as becomes a patriot and a christian.—When he met Meagher afterwards, the latter thought the verdict had been in his favor, so pleasant was his countenance. He seems resolved to show the world, that if he did not know how to triumph, he does know how, if need be, to die.

We still think his sentence will not be carried into execution. Others think it will be. It is said by them that his "*defiant* speech," as his noble vindication of his own course is termed, puts it out of the power of the crown to extend mercy to him; and that no "reasons of state" can be adduced to justify Ministers in such clemency. We do not think so. The effect of the judicial murder of O'Brien cannot but be to exasperate Ireland, and to lessen the reputation of Great Britain in the eyes of a large portion of the civilized world. Republican France, with her abolition of the penalty of death for political offences, will be put in strong contrast with monarchical England. Viewed in every light, clemency towards O'Brien will be politic as well as merciful. But England must do as she will. As she sows, however, so shall she reap. If she sow patriot blood, she shall reap a plentiful crop of patriot heroes. For of martyrs to liberty, as well as of martyrs to conscience, may we say, in the words of the great German Reformer:

"Flung to the viewless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be saved,
And gathered at the last.
And from the scattered seed,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a living host
Of witnesses for God."

HERO AND LEANDER.

The finest piece of statuary we ever saw, is now being exhibited in this city, at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chesnut above Tenth. It is a group representing the meeting of Hero and Leander, at one of the nightly visits of the latter to the lady of his love. Leander has just emerged from the water, nearly exhausted with his long buffetting with the strong current of the Hellespont, and has flung himself down beside the fair Hero. One arm is thrown over her shoulder, the other across her lap, while her hand sustains his drooping head. Notwithstanding the figure of Leander is almost entirely nude, and that of Hero only covered by a mantle flung over the lower portion of her person, the sentiment of the group is astonishingly chaste and pure. The upturned face of Leander alone speaks of love—and it speaks only of devoted love, not of passion. The expression of complete exhaustion in the figure of the lover, and of sympathising tenderness on the part of his mistress, bar the way of all grosser emotions. And for this reason, we consider it a chaster work of art than the Greek Slave, in which the predominant expression of sorrow (granting that there is a predominant expression) is much less marked and definite.

We also consider Hero and Leander as a much superior work of art to the Greek Slave. We perceive something of the divine light of genius in this group, while, we must confess, (be it to our shame or not,) that we see very little besides the "cunning hand," in the much vaunted work of Powers. Not that we think the present work entirely faultless, for it seems to us there is a little clumsiness about the figure of Leander, which of right ought not to be there. But the back view of the group, aided perhaps by the disposition of the lights, and the mellowing influence of shadow seems to us absolutely perfect—there is a yieldingness and soft pliancy in both figures, which it is wonderful can be imparted to marble.

THE B'HOYS ABOUT.

The published resolutions of a meeting of Free Soil men, held in this city recently, open as follows:

Whereas, the time has again returned, when by our National Constitution it devolves upon the American people to elevate *two of their fellows*, to positions of political trust, the highest within that people's gift, &c., &c.

"*Two of their fellows!*" Surely "one of the b'hoys" must have been about at the time these resolutions were drafted.

Apropos to this, we see that *Mike* Walsh, another of the "*fellows*," has been nominated for Congress in New York city. The "b'hoys" seem to be flourishing just now.

THINGS IN ROME.

Lately assassinations and attempted assassinations, have been of constant occurrence in Rome. An American Bishop was severely wounded, and a Priest was murdered in the public streets. The Rev. Mr. Hearne, late of Manchester, was stabbed while taking an evening's walk, but he succeeded in arresting his assassin as he aimed a second blow.

It would not now do then to follow the advice of the old adage, "When you go to Rome, do as the Romans do." This shows that "all rules have exceptions."

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

The New York papers recently have been publishing as *news*, General Paez's manifesto to the people of Venezuela, dated August 1st. The principal parts of this document were published in the Evening Bulletin, of this city, about a month ago. The New York papers "are edited—after a fashion."

OUR PREMIUM.

The first of November is here, and upon looking over our subscription list, we find the three following post towns have sent us the largest number of subscribers within the past year:

Salem, Ohio,	189
Clintonville, New York,	112
Greenfield, Mass.	105

We therefore award the premium to Salem. And according to our offer, will send the Post *gratis* to all our subscribers in that town for one year, beginning at the expiration of their present subscriptions.

We now renew the offer for the next year. And trust that there will be more competition for it than there has been for the year just closed. Our readers will perceive how easily any one of a great number of towns could have taken the prize from Salem. The following are the terms of the offer:

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office at any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

LIBEL SUITS.

The following paragraph recently appeared in an editorial column of our respected contemporary, the City Item:

SUING FOR LIBEL.—We do not know of a more miserable, left-handed, one-sided, cross-eyed, apoplectic, billious, contemptible business than that of suing an editor for libel. An individual the other day tried to fasten a libel upon Mr. M'Makin, of the Model American Courier, but he got nothing—no more and no less—for his pains. We have no doubt, however, he got just as much as he deserved.

The above is decidedly amusing, when taken in connection with the fact that Mr. M'Makin has instituted suits against a number of the editors and publishers of this city, for expressing their honest opinion upon his course relative to Mrs. Holden. At the same time that he has been crying out "persecution! persecution!" in his paper, he has been attempting, by means of the law of libel, to frighten the press into silence upon a matter which had come properly before it in the proceedings of a court of law. Now, if suing an editor be a "miserable, left-handed, one-sided, cross-eyed, apoplectic, billious, contemptible business" when Mr. M'Makin is sued, what is it when Mr. M'Makin is the suer?

But we are free to say that we do not consider suing an editor or publisher, *always* a "miserable, left-handed, cross-eyed, contemptible, &c., business." We think in some cases it is perfectly proper. If an editor takes advantage of his position to invade the sanctities of private life, rake up whatever false and malicious slanders may be afloat respecting the character of some one against whom he has a grudge, and give forth to the world them false and malicious accusations, it is right that he should be punished—and if the injured party could not obtain redress in a court of law, he would often endeavor to obtain it by personal violence. The power of the press is a fearful power, and the law of libel, properly and fairly construed and administered, is necessary to prevent its liberty from degenerating into licentiousness and tyranny.

But while guarding the press from licentiousness on the one side, we must not render it powerless and useless by too much constraint on the other. In this, as in almost everything else, the middle course is the wise one. If the press is forced to confine itself to reproof and denunciation of vice merely in the abstract, its usefulness will be greatly impaired. For instance, if the press in commenting upon evidence given in a court of justice, is not to be allowed to express its opinion upon the conduct of different parties, and the justice or injustice of the decision of the court, without being exposed to a suit for libel, unjust men will feel less scruple in endeavoring to commit injustice by taking advantage of the quirks and uncertainties of the law, and corrupt judges have less fear of being exposed and degraded for palpably unjust decisions.

The general rule we would lay down then, is this. Affairs of a private nature, so long as they remain private, should not be dragged to public view by the press; but public affairs and those engaged in them, or private affairs which have become public by an appeal to the public tribunals, are fitting subjects of editorial remark and animadversion.

This we would lay down as the rule. But we do not mean to say that there are not cases, in one sense private, which are proper to bring before the public, in order to brand the actors in them with deserved ignominy. Instances where men holding high stations in religious bodies, are known to be addicted to the most degrading vices, are cases of this kind. Even these, however, are properly subjects for the law of libel; the editor who exposes the offender, doing it at his peril. But the editor who puts himself in such a dangerous position, should not only be justified but held in high estimation, if he can prove before a jury of his countrymen, that he was impelled to the course he pursued by no motives of private vindictiveness, but by a regard for the welfare of society and the public good.

So much for libels in general. In relation to that instituted by Mr. M'Makin last spring against ourselves, all we have to say at present is, that nothing was said in the Post condemnatory of the course taken by Mr. M'Makin, until it came properly before us in the proceedings of a court of law; although we had heard all the particulars of the dispute, and of his most astounding claim to the entire subscription list of the Courier, long before. But not for anything we have said ourselves, has suit been instituted, but for allowing Mr. Neal, (one of the administrators of Mr. Holden's estate,) *at the written request of Mrs. Holden*, to publish in our columns a statement in answer to one put forth by Mr. M'Makin in the Courier. Thus for simply seeing fair-play between the parties, and allowing Mr. Neal for Mrs. Holden to reply to Mr. M'Makin, we have been sued for libel.

We therefore might also raise a cry of "persecution;" but it is too ridiculous. Any man may sue another, but it is a different thing to get a judgment in his favor; as Mr. M'Makin will find when his various suits against editors and publishers in this city, are brought to trial.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Among the strange advertisements that have appeared lately, the two following rather take the lead. The first is from a late number of the Louisville Journal:

A COW LOST.—Lost, strayed, or stolen, from the subscriber, a brindled cow and calf, for a return of which he will give any man, woman, or child, five dollars. I will also embrace this opportunity to say to my numerous friends and acquaintances that it will be out of my power to attend any parties, soirees, or assemblies between this and next Christmas. They may therefore save themselves the trouble of sending me any invitations, as I will take the will for the deed—and once for all consider all such invitations given and declined. R. F. BAIRD.

R. F. Baird must be a gentleman of great social qualifications, we presume, and extremely in request for parties, balls, &c. There are some persons in this city, possessing similar merits, who if they knew their own good, would publish a like advertisement—persons who are "their own worst enemies."

The following is of a different tenor. It originally appeared in the Springfield, Ohio, Republican. It seems that the advertiser's daughter "*Liza*" had recently eloped with a Mr. Richard, or *Dick*, Logan. The mother's letter is a model of force and perspicuity:

TO DICK LOGAN.—If you want my girl, why don't you come and ask me, like a gentleman, and not be making a fool of her? She can get plenty of better looking men than you. I want you to send back the landlady's trunk, for the landlady thinks hard of me about it.

If my daughter, Liza Macklin, wants to marry as black a man as Dick, let her come home and do the thing right. Liza, your mother feels very bad, after doing so much for you, to have you do this way. Do come home. There's a fellow in Xenia now, nearly dying for you, and wants to marry you. He's a great deal better than Dick, and you'd better come home.

ELIZA MACKLIN, Xenia, Ohio.

Whether "*Liza*" complied with her mother's request, we are unable to say. We are afraid, however, that by the time the letter reached her, she was Mrs. *Dick* Logan. In which case the "*fellow* in Xenia," who was "nearly dying" for her, and who was "a great deal better than Dick," *in the mother's opinion*, might hang his harp upon the willows. Reader, judging from the number of queer people we see and hear of daily, we unhesitatingly pronounce this "a queer world."

THE ELECTION.

Next Tuesday is the day of General Election, when the great question of "Who is to be President?" is to be decided. But our object is not to interfere with President making—though we earnestly conjure every one of our readers who has a vote, to go to the polls early, and vote for that one of the candidates, whose election he believes will best promote the good of this great country. Our object is simply to suggest to those who feel a friendly interest in the success of the Post, whether during the general gathering at the election polls, would not be a good time to speak a few words in our behalf, and obtain us some new subscribers. We merely suggest it, our country friends know whether the plan is practicable or not.

WAGES.

The average wages in Switzerland, for adults, who work twelve and thirteen hours per day, do not exceed $1.15 to $1.30 per *week*, though on the very best work $1.40 to $1.60 may be made.

THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera has reached Great Britain—well authenticated cases are reported at London, Sunderland, Shields, Hull and Edinburgh. The disease made its appearance almost contemporaneously in Sunderland and in the low lying districts below London Bridge. In both places the first cases were those of intemperate sailors who came from Hamburg, and were attacked by the malady on the voyage. As regards Edinburgh, the origin of the disease is left in doubt. The official report of the Registrar-General, in London, reported 13 cases up to Saturday, 7th ultimo, and up to Wednesday there were 30 cases. In Edinburgh there had been 25 cases. As the disease is not stated to be violent, and as we have seen accounts of its diminishing in intensity as it proceeds westward, we have hopes of its either not reaching America at all, or else in a very mild form.

In the London Gazette of a recent date there appears an important notification from the General Board of Health respecting this dreadful epidemic. The Board declare it as their conviction that the disease is *non-contagious*; and they state that the preventive measures founded on the theory of contagion, viz: internal quarantine regulations, sanitary cordons, and the isolation of the sick, on which formerly the strongest reliance was placed, have been recently abandoned in all countries where cholera has appeared, from the general experience of their inefficiency.

The advice of the Board respecting the use of drastic (purgative) medicine, especially salts of all descriptions, is that they must be abandoned. The document contains many important precautionary directions—keeping the feet and body warm, avoiding damp, foul air, removal of nuisances, &c., &c., and then proceeds to point out the first duty in case of an attack:—"If, notwithstanding these precautionary measures, a person is seized suddenly with cold, giddiness, nausea, vomiting and cramps, under circumstances in which instant medical assistance cannot be procured, the concurrent testimony of the most experienced medical authority shows that the proper course is to get as soon as possible into a warm bed; to apply warmth by means of heated flannel, or bottles filled with hot water, or bags of heated camomile flowers, sand, bran, or salt, to the feet and along the spine; to have the extremities diligently rubbed; to apply a large poultice of mustard and vinegar over the region of the stomach, keeping it on 15 or 20 minutes; and to take every half hour a teaspoonful of sal volatile in a little hot water, or a desert spoonful of brandy in a little hot water, or a wine glass of hot wine whey, made by pouring a wine glass of sherry into a tumbler of hot milk—in a word, to do every thing practicable to procure a warm, general perspiration until the arrival of the medical attendant, whose immediate care, under such circumstances, is indispensable."

GRANDFATHER TYRO'S LECTURE.

We publish the sketch with this heading, from the pen of that esteemed authoress, Mrs. Peirson, to oblige a lady friend, and not that we have any enthusiastic admiration for it ourselves. That it contains some truth, we grant, but there is a way of telling even the truth, so as to rob it of a large portion of its proper effect; while, in some respects, we think "Grandfather Tyro" altogether wrong, and a tyro indeed. For instance, we do not think the women of this country generally, are at all in a condition comparable to slavery, or that husbands generally are such great tyrants as is represented.

But our main objection to the article, is the tone of antagonism in which it is written—putting man and woman in opposition, instead of in unity. As if the true rights of one sex were not perfectly correspondent with those of the other, and the true welfare of one the welfare of the other. The subject of the relations of the sexes should always be approached in a harmonious spirit—especially in cases where either sex thinks itself aggrieved.—And certainly a calm, temperate statement of supposed wrongs, breathing throughout a spirit of respect, of love, and of gentleness, is far more calculated to have influence with either man or woman, than one of an opposite character.

In relation to the often raised question of which sex is superior, we have settled down into the opinion that it is a very idle controversy, because comparison applies only to things of a like nature. Man is different from woman—superior in some qualities, inferior in others. A comparison of intellect cannot be made, for the same reason—their intellects are different. The man excels in certain departments of thought, the woman in others. All the disputing in the world will not alter the facts of the case; and so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, such disputes tend to no good result. We all involuntarily recoil from a strict mental scrutiny into the virtues and failings of a beloved parent, or a dear friend—we feel it is treason to the sacredness of those relations. Let the sexes learn to cherish a similar feeling towards each other.

DIGESTION.

A medical gentleman, writing for one of our contemporaries, says:

It is a law that large quantities of tea, coffee, or cold water introduced into the stomach during the repast tend to dilute the gastric juice, and diminish its solvent power.

Our medical friend takes for granted in the course of his article, that diluting the gastric juice with water, *necessarily* diminishes its solvent power. But the well known experiments made on the gastric juice taken from the stomach of a soldier by means of a hole made by a musket ball, (which hole, we believe, never entirely closed up,) proved that no sensible change in the power or activity of the gastric juice was made by diluting it with water. And one fact on this subject is worth a dozen theories.

We know not what the experience of others may be, but we know in our own case, that copious draughts of water are well calculated to promote digestion, so far as we are able to judge of causes from effects.

Even as a mere matter of theory, if by mixing the gastric juice with water, it is rendered able to attack the food taken into the stomach, in general instead of in detail, does it not seem reasonable that the operation of digestion would be sooner performed?

Again. We have not sufficient chemical knowledge to say positively, but we believe there are cases in which the addition of water to other solvents, renders their action more powerful.

In the case of food in the stomach, the water may serve to further moisten the food, and thus render the operation of the gastric juice more speedy.

So much for theory, but we rely upon the facts first stated, so far as water is concerned. As to the effects of tea and coffee, our medical friend is clearly wrong. If they are objectionable, it is because they accelerate instead of retarding digestion. We will not stop to argue this point, even with a doctor.

FLASHY LITERATURE.

The Monthly Rose, a new publication "down-east," thus takes off the yellow covered pamphlets, and flashy-foolish newspaper tales, published in Boston and New York principally, but to a small extent in this city also. The editor of the Rose enumerates the titles of some of "the gang," as follows:

"The One-Eyed Fisherman of Chelsea Creek, or the Clam-Digger's Calamities: a Tale of the Sea and Shore, by Lieut. Worry."

"The Bloody Shoemaker with Seven Heads; or, the Burning Flame of Clamtown. A Tale of Terror, by Ned Fowline."

"The Wizard of the Mystic; or, the Cruise of the Winnisimmet. By Benjamin Growler, Esq., author of the Red Ghost of the Azores, the Mad Scowman of Roxbury Creek, and the Apple Woman of Dock Square."

"The Bloody Butcher Boy of Christie Street; or Death on a Pale Sheep: a story of mutton, cheap and fancy, by Corporal Flurry. This is a very interesting tale of one hundred pages, full of bloody incidents, with a magnificent engraving on the "yaller kiver," representing a scene in the slaughter-house, where Don Keyser's 'prentice boy, Slashimwell, stands in triumph over the dead body of a prize lamb."

"The Flour of the Family; or a Baker's Theft: a doughtful tale of knead-y wretchedness, by Buckwheat Sweetbread."

"The Lady of the Green and Blue; or the Magic Figure-Head; by the author of the Last of the Warm pan o' bogs."

Whenever our readers come across a novel or newspaper tale, with a title resembling the above, they may throw it down at once as being nonsense and fustian, or worse.

A RAILROAD GATE.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that a Mr. Coffin, of Mass.,—a descendant of "Long Tom," for all we know—has invented a gate for railroad crossings, so arranged, that as the train approaches, the gate closes, and then opens after the train has passed. If this new invention be all it is described to be, we hope that laws will be passed by the different States, rendering it obligatory upon railroads to place such gates at all crossings in the vicinity of towns and cities, and at such places in the country where a good view cannot be obtained of the track by those desiring to cross it. The pleasure of riding in the vicinity of Philadelphia, at the present time, is greatly marred by the frequent railroads that have to be crossed. If the above invention could be so arranged that the gate would begin to close, or an alarm bell be struck in the road, when the train should be at a considerable distance from the crossing, it would prevent hundreds of painful accidents, and a vast amount of daily apprehension.

THE BACHELORS.

The Bachelors' Association, at New York, presented a bride, at her wedding in St. Thomas's Church, in that city, on Thursday week, with a splendid diamond ring, accompanied by a beautiful address from one of the members.

Our bachelor friends would do better if they would give presents of plain gold rings, and make their *addresses*, to single instead of to married ladies. Don't you say so, girls?

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Harrison Gray Otis, a distinguished political character many years ago, died in Boston on the 28th of Oct., at the age of 83. He was a member of the Hartford Convention.

CITY AND DISTRICTS.

The police officers of the City proper, last Sunday, not having any improper conduct in the "children of a larger growth" to "put down," made a sweep on a couple of little boys, about seven or eight years of age, and bore them off in triumph to the "lock-up."

The same day, in the district of Moyamensing, a gang of larger boys, belonging to that description commonly called "the b'hoys," had their usual Sunday carnival, at which stones, sticks, and fists were used with the utmost degree of liberality.—The police, being absent from the scene—it is to be hoped at church—made no arrests, as usual.

Now considering the horrible strictness of the city police, and the amazing forbearance of the district officers, would it not be well if the city and districts could be united under one government? The united police would then compose a body in which justice would be tempered with mercy, and both city and districts be the gainers.

But seriously, now that the politics of the city and districts are in the main alike, would it not be a good time to renew the agitation for a union of the whole under one efficient government? We have but little hope that the rowdies of the districts will ever be reduced to permanent good order, until a little of the lemon of the city police, is infused into the sugar and water of the district authorities.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

The finest sight we have seen for a long time, not excepting "Hero and Leander," was the parade of the Cadets of Temperance, last week. As they marched past our office, with flags and banners, a thousand strong, we said to ourselves—the "old times" had no sight to compare to this. A gentleman from North Carolina, who happened to be with us, said he had seen nothing finer since his arrival in the North. Hold fast to the faith that is in you, boys; keep to the cold water, and avoid those hot and rebellious liquors which make the blood boil and the fever of passion rage, and you shall grow up into men such as this nineteenth century may well be proud of, and for which it has great need. Once more, boys, keep to the faith! If you do, some of you shall become shining and *steady* lights in the great firmament of mind; while all of you shall shed a beautiful and blessed radiance around, as you move in the circles of home and private life. For temperance is a virtue, out of which it is almost impossible that many others should not spring.

FORCE OF HABIT.

We know nothing as to the truth of the following anecdote—and we suppose there is probably not a particle of truth in it; but in other respects it is a capital "good one."

FORCE OF HABIT.—A gentleman recently from Africa, while at one of the civilized colonies on the coast, met a colored woman whom he had known in old Virginia, who had obtained her freedom for good conduct, and had emigrated to Liberia.

"Where are you travelling to, Mary?" said the gentleman.

"I am going down town to the village on the sea shore. I'm tired of seeing nigger, nigger, nigger! I want to see some white folks."

"But are you doing well here?"

"Oh, very well. I make many things and sell 'em. I have four slaves who make plain leaf hats."

"Slaves, Mary! You, emancipated, to have slaves in your own land?"

"Oh, yes," said she, with great simplicity, "must do as they do in old Virginny."

A SLIP OF THE PEN.

The Ledger, of this city, which has a way of cracking its contemporaries over the knuckles, when they make slips of the pen, says, in a recent paragraph:

PETITIONS are being extensively signed in New York for the abolishment of corporal punishment and the use of spirituous liquors in the navy.

According to the strict grammatical construction of the above, petitions are being circulated *for* the use of spirituous liquors in the navy. It should have read, "for the abolition of corporal punishment and *of* the use of spirituous liquors," &c. Should it not, Mr. Ledger man?

DEATH OF MR. LEWIS.

Dixon H. Lewis, member of the United States Senate from Alabama, died recently in the city of New York. He was of Welsh descent, and a native of Virginia. While he was quite young, his family emigrated to Georgia; and when he was ready to practise law, he removed to Alabama. He was an able advocate of the Democratic party, and was Chairman of the Finance Committee which reported the existing Tariff of 1846. He was very popular, it is said, in Alabama, and with his party generally. Suitable honors were paid by the Common Council of New York to his memory.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Godey has sent us a copy of the engraving of the handsome, intellectual face of our friend Grace, from a miniature by Cushman, which is to appear in his December number. The rush on the part of the gentlemen to get that number of Godey, will be only equalled by the rush of the ladies to obtain the December number of Graham, which is to contain a portrait of J. Bayard Taylor. It is well these portraits are to come out after the election—the excitement of both would be too great for one country.

THE MARKETS.

The Europa brings no changes of much moment in the markets. The Cotton market was still dull. Upland 3¾ to 4¼; New Orleans 3½ to 5¼; Sea Island 7½ to 16. Wheat was in moderate demand at old prices. Flour dull—United States and Canadian were freely offered at a decline of 6d. per barrel. Indian Corn was in good demand with considerable sales at last quotations. Indian Meal 17s. to 18s. Carolina Rice had declined—last sales 21s.

A TERRIFIC STEED.

At Welch's National Circus, in this city, among other nightly entertainments, they are acting a piece called "The Black Rider and his Terrific Steed." As the Circus men have been polite enough to send us a season ticket, we must step up there some evening, and see that their steeds do not "overstep the modesty of nature."

New Publications.

THE WILLIAMS FAMILY. *The Genealogy and History of the Family of Williams in America more particularly of the Descendants of Robert Williams, of Roxbury. By Stephen W. Williams, M. D., A. M. Corresponding Member of the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, &c., &c. Greenfield: Merriam & Mirick.* The author of this work, an enthusiastic Williams, as he appears to be, has collected together an immense amount of matter relative to that family. He says that "most of the original members of the name were doubtless of Welsh extraction, and that he is informed some of the name in Wales trace their lineage as far back as Adam, and some of the Welsh carry their genealogical tree a little farther." This does not at all surprise us, for we remember long ago, seeing an account of a Welsh table of descent, which at half way down, said, "about this time the world was created." Among the Williams's, it appears there have been many distinguished men. The original name of the Cromwell family is said by Dr. Russell, author of a life of Oliver Cromwell, to have been Williams—and very probably Adam himself was a Williams; at least just as probable as that it was anything else, except Smith.

The volume which contains all this important information, is well "got up" (in printer's phrase) and adorned with various portraits of the American branch of the Williams family. Of course every true Williams will rush to the booksellers upon reading this notice, and buy a copy of the work devoted to the honor and glory of his family. Whether any of the Williams's have ever turned out rogues, and been elevated to other than political *posts*, we have not perused the volume sufficiently to be able to say. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. *By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This little book is written upon a new plan, and one admirably adapted to answer the end proposed—that of giving to young people the clearest possible view of historical events. There is an excellent map of the country, and well executed engraving of all places signalized by important occurrences, but the peculiar excellence of the book is the simple brevity and straight-forward directness of its style, and the consequent precision and distinctness with which the progress of events is narrated.—The tragic scenes of Mary's romantic life are described with a circumstantial minuteness of detail which leaves upon the mind a vivid impression of reality; combining the merit of a picturesque representation of affairs with that severe truthfulness which is the chief beauty of an historical account. The compilation has evidently been made with conscientious care and industry, and we commend it cordially to all young people and instructors of youth; certain that after an examination they will unite with us in the hope that Mr. Abbott may be encouraged to continue the series indefinitely through the whole range of history. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

A FIRST BOOK IN GREEK. Containing a full view of the forms of words, with vocabularies and copious exercises, on the method of constant imitation and repetition. By John McClintock, D. D., Professor of Languages, and George R. Crooks, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages in Dickinson College. Published by *Harper & Brothers, New York*, and for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

THE CADET OF TEMPERANCE. This volume contains a collection of Dialogues, Scenes, Recitations, Songs, &c., designed for the use of Sections of the Cadets, in their public and private exhibitions. By James Knorr, a member of the Order. Published by *T. B. Peterson, Phila.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of the Living Age is for sale by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

LAYS AND BALLADS. *By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* We had intended to write quite a long criticism upon this new volume of Mr. Read's, but the pressure of other engagements has been so great, as to forbid our dallying by the road-side for a while, to please ourselves with the beauty and fragrance of those sweet flowers of poesy. And yet what more could we say, than what at the eleventh hour we are about inditing—that Mr. Read's poetry is of the choicest kind, and an honor to the good old Keystone State, in one of whose thousands of homes, the author first saw the sunny light of day. One thing, however, we may do, which will probably prove more effectual than all our sayings; quote a poem or two from Mr. Read's volume, as somewhat of a sample of its contents. Let us begin then with the following poem, with which our author lately opened a volume of selections from the Female Poets of America:

THE FAIRER LAND.

All the night, in broken slumber,
I went down the world of dreams,
Through a land of war and turmoil
Swept by loud and laboring streams,
Where the masters wandered, chanting
Ponderous and tumultuous themes.

Chanting from unwieldy volumes
Iron maxims stern and stark,
Truths that swept and burst and stumbled
Through the ancient rifted dark;
Till my soul was tossed and worried,
Like a tempest-driven bark.

But anon, within the distance,
Stood the village vanes aflame,
And the sunshine, filled with music,
To my oriel casement came;
While the birds sang pleasant valentines
Against my window frame.

Then by sights and sounds invited,
I went down to meet the morn,
Saw the trailing mists roll inland
Over rustling fields of corn,
And from quiet hillside hamlets
Heard the distant rustic horn.

There, through dainted dales and byways,
Met I forms of fairer mould,
Pouring songs for very pleasure—
Songs their hearts could not withhold—
Setting all the birds a-singing
With their delicate harps of gold.

Some went plucking little lily-bells,
That withered in the hand;
Some, where smiled a summer ocean,
Gathered pebbles from the sand;
Some, with prophet eyes uplifted,
Walked unconscious of the land.

Through that Fairer World I wandered
Slowly, listening oft and long,
And as one behind the reapers,
Without any thought of wrong,
Loitered, gleaning for my garner,
Flowery sheaves of sweetest song.

If you agree with us, dear reader, you will say that poem is admirably conceived. By the way, where is that volume of "Female Poets?" It has not been along our way yet.

The following, which is the opening piece of the present volume, is also very fine—perhaps as fine a poem as is in the whole book, with one or two exceptions:

PROEM,

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE HAMMERSLEY.

Come then, my friend;—the cool autumnal eves
About the hearth have drawn their magic rings;
There, while his song of peace the cricket weaves,
The simmering hickory sings.

The winds unkennelled round the casements whine,
The sheltered hound makes answer in his dream,
And in the hayloft, hark, the cock at nine
Crows from the dusty beam.

The leafless branches chafe the roof all night,
And through the house the troubled noises go,
While, like a ghostly presence, thin and white,
The frost foretells the snow.

The muffled owl within the swaying elm
Thrills all the air with sadness as he swings,
Till sorrow seems to spread her shadowy realm
About all outward things.

Come, then, my friend, and this shall seem no more—
Come when October walks his red domain,
Or when November from his windy floor
Winnows the hail and rain.

And when old Winter through his fingers numb
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam;
And when the mill-wheel spiked with ice is dumb
Within the neighboring stream.

Then come, for nights like these have power to wake
The calm delight no others may impart,
When round the fire true souls communing make
A summer in the heart.

And I will weave athwart the mystic gloom,
With hand grown weird in strange romance, for thee
Bright webs of fancy from the golden loom
Of charmed Poesy.

And let no censure in thy looks be shown,
That I, with hands adventurous and bold,
Should grasp the enchanted shuttle which was thrown
Through mightier warps of old.

THINGS-I-TO-MYSELF. *A Serio-Ludicro, Tragico-Comico Tale; written by Things-I-To Myself Who?* This is a reprint of a work that made, we believe, some noise in its time—but that was before our time. From the few passages we have read in it, we judge it to be entertaining and unexceptionable. Published and for sale by *W. A. Leary, Phila.*

Miscellaneous.

HONEY-BEE IN AMERICA.

The native tribes of America say that hive-bees were originally introduced among them from Europe, but when and by whom none of them could tell. The only name they have for them is the "white man's fly," and they regard their wider diffusion as indicating the encroaching progress of the white settlers. It is said that the first planters in New England never saw any bees there; and that the English introduced them to Boston in 1670; and that since they have spread over the whole continent. Washington Irving has written an account of the progress which the hive-bee is making westwards in America; and about sixty years ago, when Bartram inquired how it was that westward, among the Creek Indians, he had seen no bees, he was told by a Dr. Grant that there were few or none west of the Isthmus of Florida, and but one hive in Mobile, which had been lately brought from Europe, the English supposing that there were none in the country, not finding any when they took possession after the Spanish and French. Bartram was also assured by the traders that there were no bees in West Florida, which he thought extraordinary and almost incredible, since they were so numerous all along the eastern coast, from Nova Scotia to East Florida, even in the wild forest, as to be thought by the generality of the inhabitants aborigines of that continent. At the present time the honey bee is abundant throughout the United States, both as a denizen of the forest and a dependant on man. Generally speaking the settler in the backwoods, prefers the precarious but luscious supply afforded by those swarms which have deserted man, and taken up their abode in fissures of rocks or hollows of trees, to the more regular, but less abundant supply, from hives of his own.

The author of *A Tour on the Prairies*, says the Indians regard the bee as the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and the buffalo retire. The wild bee is said to be seldom met with at any great distance from the frontier. When the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi, the Indians, with surprise, found the hollow trees of their forests suddenly teeming with honey; and nothing can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness. At present, the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers.—*Useful Insects and their Products, by J. H. Fennell.*

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"Is the steamer signified, sir?" asked Mrs. Partington at the telegraph station. "Yes'm," replied the clerk, who was busily engaged turning over the leaves of his day-book. "Can you tell me," continued she, "if the Queen's encroachment has taken place?" "Some says she's encroaching all the time," said the clerk, looking pleasantly at the old lady, and evidently pleased with his own smartness.

"That isn't possible," responded the venerable dame, "but," said she to herself, "how could he be expected to know about such things?"

THE BARBER'S SIGN.—A barber in London has on his sign:

"What do you think!
I'll shave you for nothing, and give you a drink!"

When any of his customers claim the promise on his sign, he tells them they don't read it right; that he intended it should be read thus:

"What! do you think I'll shave you for nothing,
And give you a drink?"

POLITE LITERATURE.—A maid servant was dismissed on account of her lack of cleanliness. She requested her employer, if the cause of her dismissal should be mentioned, to do it in as light terms as possible. The following certificate was given to her: "Ann B. has conducted herself well while in my service, the main cause of her dismissal being her tendency to *hydrophobia*!"

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.—If it is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.—*Milton.*

A COINCIDENCE.—Since 1789, all the revolutions in France have taken place under Popes of the name of Pius. Louis XVI. was dethroned under Pius V; the Directory was overturned under Pius VI.; Napoleon fell under Pius VII.; Charles X., under Pius VIII; and Louis Philippe under Pius IX.

BEARDING AN EDITOR.

On Saturday evening we were honored with a visit from a tall, gaunt, wiry looking individual, with a cadaverous and uncertidly look, and an uncertain and restless air. When he spoke, he puckered up his mouth and nose, and his voice came forth with a kind of a wheeze, as if the exertion were too much for the lungs. His front teeth projected considerably from his mouth, which gave him an irresistibly amusing appearance. We couldn't repress a smile as he laid down his bundle and asked—

"Is the Editor to hum?"

"That's us, sir," said we.

"Wall—I'm nation glad I happened to light on you!"

"Thank you!"

"Ye-e-s!" responded he, playing with his button-hole.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Wall—nothing special! I thought I wouldn't mind the trouble of just droppin' in, and seein' about that artickell of mine, seein' as how I was down."

"Article?"

"Ye-e-s!"

"Don't understand you."

"No? That piece which you said was a gem, about the Mexican war. Our Schoolmaster wanted to fill me, and make me believe that you was only stuffin' when you said it was a 'crustation from the mind of genius.'"

"Now, is it possible?"

"Wall—'taint nothin' else! But I thought it as how you was a stuffin', you might jist take a choice of one of these here *pis tills*, and settle the matter at once!"

"Why, my dear sir, ——"

"Then you wan't a tryin' to fill me?"

"Certainly not!"

"Wall—that '*amen honorable*' is sufficient.—And, now, I'm off."

So saying, he picked up his bundle and left. We like his writings better than his looks and manners.—*Frederick (Md.) Examiner.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, October 28, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Since our last weekly review there has been a steady demand for superfine Flour, and some 8,000 bbls have been taken for shipment at $5,37½ for fair Western, and $5,50 for common brands Pennsylvania. At the close, however, holders refuse to take these rates, and several parcels have changed hands at $5,44a5,50—the latter being the general asking price. Sales for city use at $5,56 a6 per bbl. Rye Flour has been steady at $4,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal has been in good demand, and 3,500 bbls have changed hands at $3a3,06¼ for Pennsylvania—mostly at the latter price.

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been only to a moderate extent, with a corresponding demand—Sales of about 30,000 bushels at $1,10a1,15 for inferior to prime Southern and Pennsylvania red, and $1.15a1,20 for white, per bushel. Rye is scarce, with small sales at 65a68c. Corn has been in good demand, and prices are nearly steady, with sales of 35,000 bushels flat and round yellow at 65a66c per bushel—the market closing firm. Oats have been in request, and 16,000 bushels sold at 32a33c for Southern, and 35a37 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $12,50a13, and Prime at $10.00 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12,50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 5½a8½c; Sides at 5¼a5¾, and Shoulders at 4¼a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8½ cts. with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts. and Cheese at 7¼a8c per lb.

BARK.—The stock of Quercitron is materially reduced, and prices are firm at $26,50a27 per ton for 1st quality No. 1, with further small sales.

BREAD.—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4¼a4½, Navy at 3a3½, and Crackers at 5c per lb.

BEESWAX.—The market continues very dull.

CANDLES.—Moderate sales of Sperm at 30a31c. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL.—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 14a15 cts per bushel.

COTTON.—The market has been very quiet this week, and the transactions only sum up 825 bales, including Upland and New Orleans, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6¼	6 a 6½
Middling Fair,	6½ a 6¾	6½ a 6¾
Fair,	6¾ a 7	6¾ a 7

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The market continues quiet without change in prices.

FEATHERS.—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 15,000 lbs good Western at 34a36c per lb.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with increased receipts. Steady sales of No. 1 at $9a9,50, No. 2 at $6,50a7,50, and No. 3 at $3,50a4.

GUANO.—Steady sales at $46a48 per ton.

HEMP.—The market continues bare of American, in first hands.

HIDES.—No sales have transpired this week.

HOPS.—Small sales of new crop at 12a13c.

IRON.—There has been a moderate demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and the stocks of all descriptions being light, prices are nearly steady. Several hundred tons sold at $26a26 for Charcoal, and $21a23,50 for Anthracite. Scotch Pig is worth $25 per ton. American Bar is in limited request, but prices are steady at $55a65 per ton, as in quality. Blooms sell in lots as wanted at $64,50a70.

LATHS.—Cargo sales of 200,000 Eastern at $1.15a1,20 per M.

LUMBER.—The demand is to a fair extent, without change in prices. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 21st inst. were Feet

Previously this season,	922,340 / 25,478,219
Total,	26,401,559

LEAD.—Most of the recent receipts have been disposed of before arrival at 4½c cash.

MOLASSES.—The supplies continue very limited, and prices tend upward, but no transactions of moment have transpired.

NAVAL STORES.—The supplies generally of articles under this head are light, and prices steady. Sales of 1,000 barrels Rosin at $1a1,05 for common, and $1.75a2,50 for New. 2 and 1. In Tar and Pitch, no sales. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand has again been good, and sales to some extent have been made at 44a46 cts.

OILS.—The demand for Linseed is still quite limited at 60a62c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at 33a35c. Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

RICE.—Prices are steady at 3¼a3½c.

SPIRITS.—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1.50 a1.30 for Bordeaux; $1,40a1,60 for Rochelle, and $2,50 for old Cogniac. Holland Gin is steady at $1.40, with small sales. New England Rum is dull at 25a30c. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in hhds at 23a24, and in bbls at 24a25c.

SUGARS.—The demand continues to a fair extent, and the recent large sales having materially reduced the stocks of Muscovado, prices still tend upward. Sales of 2a300 hhds New Orleans at 4¼a5¼c; and near 1,000 boxes Havana and Matanzas at 4¼a5¾ for brown and yellow, and 7a7½c for white, all 4 mos.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is in limited request at $3,50a3,75, and Flaxseed at $1,28a1,30 per bushel.

TALLOW.—Good Rendered is scarce and wanted at 8½a9c.

TEAS.—A limited business is going forward at previous prices.

TOBACCO.—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

WOOL.—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	103	—	Far & Mec	54½	54½
" '62	103½	—	Commercial	50	—
" '67	104½	105	N Liberty	—	41
" '68	104½	105	Mechanics'	25	—
" 5s '53	94	95	Schuylkill	24	—
" 5s '54	92	—	Southwark	65	—
War Bty scr	96	97	P Township	23	—
U S Tr N 6s	103	103½	Girard	10	—
Philada 6s	99¼	99½	Western	—	—
" 5s	82	83	Man & Mechs	—	—
County 6s	—	97	M & M, Pitts	62	—
" 5s	—	82	Bk of Com	—	—
Penna 6s	84½	85	Com, Cincin	25	—
" 5s	73½	73¾	Louisville, Ky	89	—
Tennessee 6s	75½	77	Kentucky Bk	83½	—
Illinois 6s	40	—	Northern	100	—
Cincinnati 6s	87½	—	Union, Tenn	42	—
Schuyl N Int	—	76	Planters, Tenn	41½	—
" 6s '56	30½	30½	Vicksburg	10½	—
" '65	30	31	Schuyl Nav	8¾	—
" '68	—	29½	Lehigh Nav	20	—
Lehigh N 6s	51½	51½	C & Del Cl	30	—
" 1st loan	51½	—	Morris Cl	6½	7
" Mort 6s	80½	—	Penn & Ohio Cl	27	—
" Cl Scrip	81½	82	Union Cl	8½	—
C & Del Cl 6s	80	—	Cam & Am R	120	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	—	50	Penna R	4	—
Norrist'n R 6s	63	67	Bea Mdw R	—	16
Harrisburg R 6s	—	80½	North Am Cl	—	—
Wil R 6s	—	78	Susqueh Cl	6	—
Read R 6s	57½	59	Norristown R	11½	—
" Mort 6s	61½	63	Harrisburg R	—	—
U S Bk Shares	2½	2½	Wilmington R	21	—
N Amer Bk	117	118	Reading R	15½	—
Penna Bk	261½	263	Flem Copper	—	—
Philadelphia	116½	117½	N J Copper	½	—

Ledger.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week numbered about 1,300 head, of which over 1,000 were sold at prices ranging from $2,25 to 5,25 per 100 lbs. About 400 Hogs were in the market and sales effected from $4,75 to 5,25 per 100 pounds. Cows—About 250 in the market, sold as follows, $25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, and $7 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—At market—1,400 Beef Cattle, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 70 Cows and Calves.—Prices—Beef Cattle sold within the range of $5 to 7 per cwt. 200 would probably be left over. A lot of 30 head were shipped to Bermuda, for the English Naval Station there. Half of the supplies were Southern and the remainder mostly this State, and Eastern Cattle. Cows and Calves all sold from $22 to 28,50 to $44 a38,00. Sheep and Lambs—Prices of Sheep, $1.12½ to $2,62½a4.37½ as in quality. Lambs, $7½c to $1.50a2,6¼. Unsold 700.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 27.—At the Beef Cattle scales on Monday, 1,400 head were offered. 1,325 purchased by city butchers at $2.31a3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4,62½a5.76 nett, and averaging $2.75 gross, being a slight advance. Of the above number offered, 85 head were driven to Philadelphia. Sales of several small lots have since been made at prices corresponding with the above. Hogs—There is a fair supply, and sales of live are making at $4,87½a5.18 per 100 lbs.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

"There is," says the Baltimore Patriot, "no new feature in the Tobacco market since our last report. The sales of Maryland and Ohio have neither been large, yet something has been done in both at the quotations; which are:—Maryland, $2a3 for inferior and common; $3a3,75 for good common; $4a6 for good; $6a13 for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3 a3,50; good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a13. The inspections of the week are 947 hhds, including 608 Maryland, 301 Ohio, and 40 Kentucky."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the accounts which leak out from the Palace walls, and from various public demonstrations, it appears that "little Vic," like some other little women—not *all*, by a long ways—has quite an infirmity of temper. In other words, Victoria is what is generally termed a little *spicy*, a little hot in the mouth; and gives those around her, not even excepting Prince Albert himself, every now and then "a good setting down." In proof of this, witness the following anecdotes:

Col. Sherburne relates, according to the Boston Rambler, that while Victoria was on a visit to Brighton last year, a crowd gathered round to see her Majesty and the Prince when walking near the sea shore, the day after they arrived, which much annoyed the Queen, and turning to avoid the crowd, a young woman cried out, loud enough for the Queen to hear, "Why, sister Jane would make a better-looking Queen any day." The next morning her Majesty and suite were *en route* for London, since which the palace at Brighton has been stripped of its furniture, and all transferred to Osborne, Isle of Wight, also one hundred pounds annual grant to the *Brighton Hospital* stopped, and the Brighton *Regatta Club* deprived of the plate of one hundred guineas, which the Queen for years has regularly granted. So much for Sister *Jane* and Queen *Victoria* at Brighton.

Another account says: "Victoria is particularly strict and severe in her suppressions of French embellishment at her court. Starting lately for a ride on horseback, Prince Albert sprang into his saddle with a new whip in his hand. The head was of gold, designed and finished with the perfection to which Parisian art has attained.

"'What a beautiful whip!' said the Queen.

"'Yes—I received it this morning from Paris,' answered the Prince.

"'From Paris!' asked her Majesty, lowering her eyebrows, 'you have then forgotten my prohibition! Take that detestable object out of my sight, and I dispense with your company in my ride!'

"The Royal spouse retired, quite confused, and the miff lasted till the next evening—an uncommon thing, as any one evening seldom lets pass unpacified a conjugal excitement of the irascible Victoria.

"At a recent drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, the superb Duchess of Sutherland, Lady of Honor to the Queen, incurred, in the same way, the sovereign displeasure. Her toilette was uncommonly elegant and fresh from Paris. The Queen turned to her with a very irritated look, and ironically felicitated her on the stylishness of her evening dress, adding, 'I have understood, Duchess, that your physician thinks the waters of Bath would be good for you. You can go there to-morrow; and, as you will have some preparations to make for your departure, you can be excused this evening.'

"The Duchess curtsied in silence and withdrew."

We think the Queen is right enough in giving the preference to articles manufactured by her own subjects, but it would be well if she could learn to discourage the use of articles of foreign make, a little more like a Queen, and not so much like a *tartar*.

FROM MEXICO.

The accounts from Mexico represent that country as being in a most distracted state. A revolutionary outbreak in favor of Santa Anna, in the city of Mexico, had been suppressed by the energy of the Government, the troops being promptly called out, and cannon planted in the streets. Iturbide, and various other officers had been thrown into prison.

The inhabitants of Tampico have risen in insurrection, and expelled the troops. This movement is believed to be connected with the Sierra Madre project, which really begins to wear a serious aspect. Mr. Clifford, our Minister, has assured the Mexican Government that our own will oppose the project to the extent of its powers. One paper says:—"God grant that these repeated professions may be made in good faith!" Gen. Bustamente is to command the troops which are to attempt to stay the threatened dismemberment. They will amount in a few days to 4,000 men, it is said.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 120—adults 51, and children 69.

Items of News.

Death of Mrs. Armitage.—This lady, pronounced by the Duke of Cambridge, to be the most magnificent woman in her Majesty's dominions, died very suddenly on the 6th ult., at Birmingham. She had been suffering from a slight indisposition for about a fortnight, and it is supposed that disease of the heart was the cause of her death. She belonged to Norwich, and was 36 years of age—She weighed 31 stone 11 lbs., measured 4 ft. round the waist, 6 ft. round the bust, 7 ft. 1 in. round the hips, and 22 in. round the upper part of the arm.

An Important Invention.—The Winchester Republican has been shown the model of a furnace, (for which a patent has been taken out,) for the purpose of making malleable iron from the ore. It is said to be an invention of very great importance to iron manufacturers, calculated to produce a saving of $40 per ton over the present mode. It is the invention of Mr. Lorenzo Seibert, of Shenandoah county, an experienced manufacturer.

Reduction of Wages at Lowell.—We learn from the Boston Republican, that notice has been given at Lowell that a reduction of wages will soon take place. It is to commence on the 20th of November, on one corporation, and probably at the same time on the others. The reduction is considerable, 25 to 35 per cent. The speed is to be reduced, and the girls are to be made to tend more looms.

The Protector Umbrella.—The novelty of the "protector" consists chiefly in the adoption of a screw handle, which when removed from the stick literally locks up the umbrella and renders it useless. The principal of appropriation hitherto so liberally indulged is thus entirely prevented, for all that the real owner has to do to secure his property is to pocket the small handle. The invention is one of unusual interest.

Ronge.—Amidst the revolutions in Europe, nothing has been heard of Ronge, the celebrated enthusiast. He is preaching in Vienna, with his usual zeal and violence. He denounces the doctrines of the Trinity, confession, the Pope, the Calender of Saints, convents, monasteries, celibacy, the clergy, and praying in foreign tongues. He goes the whole figure of reform.—*Morning Star.*

Dead Letters.—Upwards of two thousand dollars have been found enclosed in dead letters, received at the Department within a month. The average amount returned from this responsible branch of the Government to places where the owners are supposed to reside, is $60 per day. Of this an average sum of $50 per day is restored to the parties who transmitted it.

Sir John Franklin.—A good deal of interest has been excited by a report in England from Peel's River, that the Esquimaux have seen some vessels to the east of the Mackenzie River, which furnish hope that the long lost party of Sir John Franklin, in the Arctic seas, have conquered the elements, and may at this moment be in perfect safety.

Slave Trade.—The Government of Brazil has been so annoyed by protests against the continuance of the slave trade, that means are devising to put an end to it. A commercial circular states that an earnest effort is now making by government to stop the trade to Africa, in which it is sustained and encouraged by public opinion.

The Hardest Kind of a Blow.—A correspondent of an exchange paper, writing from Key West, tells of the smartest "blowing up" we ever heard of. He says, "I forgot to mention the schooner John T. Sprague is reported, by persons just in from Tampa, *blown a mile and a half up in the woods!*" That will do.

Horrible.—A child of Mr. Upham, in Hallowell, Me., was smothered to death on Friday morning week. The child was left in the morning on a bed, upon a turn-up bedstead, and forgetful of the fact, the father turned the bed up. In about half an hour the bed was taken down and the child found dead.

The Mormon Temple.—A company has purchased all the Mormon property in the hands of A. W. Babbitt, the Mormon agent at Nauvoo, including the walls of the Temple; and arrangements have been made to rebuild it as soon as possible. The price paid was twelve thousand dollars.

India Rubber Legs.—A London inventor has applied vulcanized India rubber to the purpose of making artificial legs, which are said to be the most useful substitutes for a limb that has yet been devised. We should think they might almost restore the elasticity of youth.

Canadians Emigrating.—The Quebec Mercury says the emigration of the French Canadian population to the United States is largely on the increase. Many are selling out their property, and with the produce are moving westward with their household chattels.

Herrings.—The John O'Groat Journal calculates, that in the present season, 92,862 crans of herrings have been captured, and supposing that each cran holds 70 dozen, the total will have been, 6,487,740 dozen, or 77,852,880 herrings.

Small Notes.—By a royal decree the Bank of Belgium is authorised to issue notes for sums below fifty francs, to an amount to be decided upon by the Minister of Finance, in conjunction with the Bank.

General News.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The French Colonists, who have already been sent to Algeria, will make together a body of 12,000 men, chiefly of those who took part in the Revolution of June, who have been deported. They will be divided among the settlements of Algiers, Oran and Constantine.

The weather in England has undergone a favorable change, and the harvests in Scotland had been got in with better success than for many years.

Accounts from Stockholm, 4th October, state that the Cholera had appeared at Konigsburg, Trarisond, Pilau and Lubeck, and that other harbors of Prussia proper were suspected.

When the post left, on the 7th, the city of Vienna was all in arms, and great excitement prevailed; but there seemed to be no disposition to perpetrate farther outrage.

The Minister of Justice has been arrested and conducted to the University. The rest of the Ministers have concealed themselves, except Dobblhoff and Hornbostel. All the soldiers have left the town, and at present (afternoon) the fighting has ceased. One hundred and fifty persons are said to have been killed, and five hundred to six hundred wounded.

The intelligence from Naples and Sicily is more tranquilizing, but the belligerents, having been stayed in their career of destruction by France and England, heap upon both the most vindictive reproaches. The English ships of war seem especially obnoxious. The Sicilians are organizing a defence at every point, should the Neapolitan forces march on Palermo.

A deputation has waited on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, touching the fate of Mr. O'Brien. The Lord-Lieutenant, it would seem, is favorable to mercy.

The Roman Catholic Bishops have refused to interfere in any appeal to the mercy of the Government in the cause of Smith O'Brien. The State prisoners have addressed Miss Power on her imprisonment for the National cause.

The Crown are at a great loss how to proceed against Mr. Meagher. The evidence appears to be incomplete. All that can be done to find the necessary proof of his treasonable sentiments and doings, is unavailing. It is thought that the trial will take place at Clonmel, at the present term.

Mr. Gavin Duffy's trial will commence in Dublin, at the Special Commission, in a few days. The Crown will make a most determined effort to convict him of high treason, and from all that is current, should it obtain such a verdict, prove relentless as to mercy, inasmuch as it charges him with being the chief instigator of the Clubs, and the cause of O'Brien's misfortunes.

In the case of T. B. McManus, another of the rebels, the evidence and defence had been concluded, and a verdict of guilty returned. He was arrested at Cork, on board an American ship, about to sail for an American port. It is alleged that, being on board an American ship, he was under the protection of the American flag, and that therefore the British Government had no power to arrest him.

A Litany and Prayer for penitents attacked by the Cholera, has been published in England, and meets with ready sale!

The new electric light is actually to come into use. The apparatus of Staite & Petrie will cost twenty pounds, but it will illuminate the largest buildings, or the smallest, at one twelfth the price of gas.

It is said that hares are liable to contract the small-pox which foreign sheep have introduced among the flocks in the several districts of England.

The weather was so cold on the 29th of July last, at the Cape of Good Hope, that ice was formed half an inch in thickness.

It would seem that there are persons continually on the watch to see Prince Louis Napoleon. He is compelled to change his residence every day to avoid their intrusiveness.

Mr. Bancroft and lady have been on a visit to Lord Palmerston, at Broadlands.

One million, four hundred thousand persons, or one-thirteenth of the whole population of Great Britain, was supported by the poor rates in 1846.

The number of vagrants who are relieved with a night's lodgings, supper and breakfast, at the public expense, in England, has risen from the number of 356 in 1839, to 11,743 in 1847.

Roasted coffee is said, by its powerful vapor, completely to render harmless most vegetable and animal effluvia. So says the Medical Times.

Fashion.—While Queen Victoria was in the Highlands, she one day tied the veil of her hat under her chin, as it was rather chilly weather. Forthwith every lady, "the country round," adopted the style, and in the hottest days of the season were loyally sweltered away in honor of the royal dame.

Law and Art.—A Manchester landlord recently levied for rent upon the studio of his tenant, a sculptor, of the name of Clarke, and sold under the hammer about £100 worth of busts for £60. It was proved that the auctioneer sold the head of John Wesley for that of Voltaire; one of Chantrey, as "a bald-headed chap's;" that of Raffaelle, as "a long-haired show-boy's," and that of Sir Chas. Bell, as Deaf Burke's. The jury, indignant at the oppression of the landlord, the ignorance of the auctioneer, and the desecration of the arts, gave the sculptor £550 damages!

The Great Sea Serpent.—When the Dædalus frigate, Captain M'Quhae, arrived at Portsmouth, was on her passage home, between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, her captain, and most of her officers and crew, at four o'clock one afternoon, saw a sea serpent. The creature was twenty minutes in sight of the frigate, and passed under her quarter. Its head appeared to be about four feet out of the water, and there was about sixty feet of its body in a straight line on the surface. It is calculated that there must have been under water a length of thirty or forty feet more. The diameter of the exposed part of the body was about sixteen inches, and when it extended its jaws, which were full of large jagged teeth, they seemed sufficiently capacious to admit of a tall man standing upright between them.

Singular Circumstance.—There resides in Delaware, some few miles from Tempelsville, in this County, a respectable farmer, having a daughter now about eleven years old, who, until attaining her fifth year, labored under an impediment of speech, which was thought to be incurable. At that time, for some trifling indiscretion, her mother spoke quickly and sharply to her and boxed her ears; and singular to relate, from that moment for *four months* the child never uttered a word. At the expiration of that time, however, when the afflicted mother had become almost frantic at her supposed instrumentality in depriving her child of even her impaired speech, this faculty was again restored—and what is still more incomprehensible, without the slightest impediment of any kind—a blessing which she has uninterruptedly enjoyed to the present time.—*Centreville (Maryland) Times.*

Shark Story.—A correspondent from Marshfield writes as follows:—"About the 2nd of the last month, a shark was discovered in North River, in Marshfield, and some two or three boats made for him and succeeded in driving him on a shoal which irritated him so much that he turned back and upon being pursued rather too closely by one of the party who was alone in a boat, his sharkish majesty raised himself sufficiently high out of the water to fall upon the boat, which gave it such a shock as to throw the man out, who alighted immediately on the shark's back. Not liking such a steed, the individual sprang for the boat, and seizing his harpoon, quickly despatched him and got him on shore. The shark measured between ten and eleven feet.—*Plymouth Rock.*

Emigrants for Texas.—A Dublin letter in the London Chronicle announces the approaching departure of an emigrating body of superior class for Texas, including "some persons in the rank of gentry," one gentleman who has been a member of Parliament, three justices of the peace, persons heretofore connected with mercantile and banking establishments, and a number of well to-do farmers. A clergyman of the Established Church will accompany the party, with the design to become their pastor in the new home to which they are going, where the lands intended to be occupied have already been purchased. This movement seems to attract some attention as the beginning of a "break-up" among the gentry and the middle class.

Hecker not Heckscher.—The Day Book opens our eyes to a remarkable fact, viz.: that the individual upon whom we have been expending our sympathy, under the name of *Hecker*, is not the great leader of the liberal party in Germany, but *somebody else*. "There is," says the Day Book, "a very distinguished German patriot and liberal, named Heckscher, who has been one of the most eminent leaders in the reforms which have been recently effected in the federal system of Germany, in the Congress at Frankfort. He is a genuine and devoted friend of liberty, and is honored as such there and throughout Europe."

O'Brien's Autograph.—The Correspondent of the Waterford Mail says that a gentleman applied on Thursday to Mr. Smith O'Brien, for his autograph, which was at once given, accompanied by a line of poetry. It is short, graphic, and certainly bespeaks anything but drooping spirits or a sense of guilt. Here it is:

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.
"WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN."

A Queer Luxury.—Sturgeon, or "Albany Beef," as it is termed in ridicule, is being taken in large quantities near Albany, for European markets, where it sells at twenty dollars per barrel, being esteemed a great luxury. The Albanians have such a contemptible opinion of this fish, that it sells in their market at five dollars a barrel, or three cents a pound, although really a most delicious food. Thus it is. Luxuries are esteemed only when they are obtained at great expense and brought from a distance. That which we have in abundance, or can obtain cheaply, we too often pass by as worthless.

☞ Mr. Gillmore, of the New York and New Hampshire Road, has invented a Time Table, adapted for use on that road. The distances and time of running are so graduated that the proper position of a train, at any particular time, may be seen at a glance.

Political Intelligence

LETTER FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.

The Galveston News, of the 3d ultimo, publishes the following letter from General Taylor, in regard to the discharge of the Texas Volunteers, before the battle of Monterey:

[Private.] Baton Rouge, July 24, 1848.

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your friendly communication of the 7th instant, in relation to a statement represented by Gen. Henderson, in a speech recently delivered by him, to have been made by me to the Secretary of War, respecting the discharge of the Texas Volunteers, shortly before the battle of Monterey.

In reply to your inquiries on this point, I have to say, that the terms of the remarks attributed to me by General Henderson are incorrect, and that if General Rusk, or any one else, saw such language over my signature in the War Office, it must have been put there by himself. I enclose you, however, the extract from the communication to the Secretary of War, to which I presume General Henderson refers, and you can therein see the language used on the occasion.

The discharge of the Texas troops there reported, was ordered by me at their own solicitation, in which Gen. Henderson himself joined; and agreeably to a promise made to them at Camargo. The misconduct also alluded to in this extract, consisted in the depredations committed by some of them upon the inhabitants of Monterey and its vicinity, after the capitulation of the town; and whatever might have been the language which General Henderson held to these troops respecting their conduct, it was quite certain that there was no one who used, when addressing me on the subject, severer or harsher language in denunciation of it, than did he and the officers about his person. I am, therefore, no less surprised than mortified on the General's account, to learn that he is attempting to torture, for the purpose of injuring me, an official statement of mine, made to the Secretary of War, in the discharge of my duties to the Government, in the justice of which statement I believe that he fully concurred at the time, and which was at all events, partly based upon information officially laid before me by himself.

I have no right, of course, to object to the General's political hostility to me; but I cannot refrain from expressing, in conclusion, the regret that in yielding to his feelings on this score he should have become so strangely forgetful of events and circumstances of comparatively recent occurrence.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, Z. TAYLOR.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Mr. Duncan, of Ohio, the unsuccessful Whig candidate, will contest the seat of his Democratic competitor, who is elected by 16 votes.

The Vermont House of Representatives has passed the bill providing for the election of Presidential Electors by a plurality, and it is now a law.

It appears that Mr. Simms, the late Representative, is re-elected to Congress in the Georgetown District, South Carolina, over Mr. McQueen, by 39 majority.

The Charleston Mercury says that of the one hundred and sixty-eight members of the Legislature of South Carolina, not more than thirty will vote for the Taylor Electoral Ticket, if indeed such a ticket is voted for at all.

The Official Result in Ohio.—The Ohio State Journal of Tuesday, furnishes the official vote for Governor, from all the Counties in the State, save three, and in these three the vote is authentically known and given. From these returns there is a majority of 336 for Gen. Seabury Ford, and he is the Governor elect of the State of Ohio. As to the Legislature, the Cincinnati Times says:—"The City Members have Certificates. The Clerk yesterday issued a certificate of the due election of Spencer and Runyan, the Whig members of the House from the city. This secures the Whig majority in the House, provided the returns now in are not changed by the official report."

Giddings' District.—The following is the vote for Governor, and Congressmen in the 20th District of Ohio, at the late election:

	Governor		Congress	
Counties	Ford	Weller	Giddings	White
Ashtabula	3,465	936	2,668	1,180
Cuyahoga	3,329	2,260	2,920	2,273
Geauga	2,005	897	1,914	1,070
Lake	1,616	715	1,297	[illegible]
Total	10,325	4,808	8,799	5,428

Ford's majority, 5,517; Giddings' majority, 3,371.

Mr. Giddings is an Anti-Taylor Whig, and goes for Free Soil and Van Buren.

Minute Expenses of the United States Government.—The following curious statement is going the rounds:

The expenditures, per minute, of Washington's administration were	$3 86
Adams, the elder,	$2 38
Jefferson,	$5 95
Madison,	$34 88
Monroe,	$25 18
Adams, the younger,	$24 32
Jackson,	$33 13
Van Buren,	$43 78
Tyler,	$43 95
Polk,	$145 88

Free Soil in North Carolina.—The Convention of the Free Soil Democrats of this State met at Jamestown, Guilford County, on the 13th ultimo. About a hundred persons were present, mostly Quakers. Messrs. Stafford and Adams made speeches. The Register says that, besides the Quakers, a great number of Democrats and a few Whigs are engaged in the movement. The Greensborough Patriot strongly deprecates the movement, but inclines to the belief that Van Buren will receive a pretty large vote from the Quakers and the Anti-Slavery Democrats and Whigs.

Clippings.

☞ A number of respectable young women who are tailoresses, have taken a shop in Liberty street, New York, and have set up for themselves.

☞ A sum of money exceeding *two thousand dollars* has been received at the Dead Letter Office, in Washington City, within the last sixty days, nearly the whole of which has been safely returned to those who transmitted it.

☞ Texas, the "Star" State, has twenty newspapers published in it, eight of which are Democratic, four Whig, six neutral, and three religious.

☞ A new hackney curricle has been introduced in London, open in front, capable of carrying three persons, drawn by two horses, and driven from the rear right hand corner—cab fare only being charged.

☞ The Boston Post says a man ought to be ashamed of himself to run away with another man's wife, when there are so many maiden ladies with their trunks all packed ready for a start.

☞ The Boston Traveller says that the books of a firm which failed last week, are said to show the payment of $25,000 as extra interest money.

☞ Several pines at Claremont (France) have this season grown and ripened *[illegible]*. They have been called there humorously *republicaines*.

☞ "Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "They are not; why do you ask?" "Because they have no mothers to spank them."

A Dock Dialogue.—"Sambo, where you ketch dem fish?" "In de mouf, you fool."

☞ An Irish gentleman, residing in Canada, when he saw his sons drinking champagne, would exclaim, "Ah, my boys, there goes an acre of land, trees and all."

☞ The women of the Gold Coast, who carry in their hair combs with two teeth, take them in their hands when they salute visitors. In Japan a friend salutes you in taking from his foot a slipper; and in Hindostan he comes and takes you by the beard. Montaigne speaks of a people who, in their interchange of civilities, turned their backs to each other.

☞ It has been decided by one of the Judges in Columbus, Ohio, that magnetism is a science; so that lecturers are not required to pay for a license to deliver lectures on that subject.

☞ "Well, John," said a man to his son on the day he was one-and-twenty, "you have got a fool for a master, now." "Yes," said John, "and have had for these twenty years."

☞ "Is Mr. ——— a man of means?" asked a gentleman of old Mrs. Frizzletop, referring to one of her neighbors. "Wall, I reckon he ought to be," drawled out the ancient beldame, "for he's the meanest man in town."

☞ A Mr. Ewing had the audacity to petition the French Chambers to endow a professorship of Atheism. The committee branded the proposition with its highest indignation, and passed to the order of the day. There is some difference between the old French Revolution and the present.

☞ In speaking of the plan of the new jail in Leverett Street, the Boston *Bee* remarks, that there is to be "a separate cell for each prisoner of a comfortable size." How large must a prisoner be, to be of a comfortable size?

☞ The captain of a vessel observing that he always got very blue milk, caught the boy one day, and said to him, "Look here, boy! when you go home, tell your master to have his cows new shingled, as they leak badly."

☞ The Chinese, says Sir William Temple, the great traveller, never let blood. Yet their physicians are among the most skilful in the world.

☞ "Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. "Not in the laste, honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

☞ Dr. C. C. Yates, an eminent physician, formerly of New York and Albany, has died in Nova Scotia, at an advanced age. Dr. Yates was the husband of Mrs. Willard, the celebrated teacher, of Troy, with whom he lived but a short time after their marriage.

☞ A Mr. Wigg certifies, in one of the daily papers of our city, to the excellence of Jayne's *hair* tonic. This tonic *must* be good if it makes the hair of a *wig* grow.

☞ There are fifteen flouring mills at Oswego, with eighty run of stone, and can grind 32,000 bushel of wheat per day.

☞ A gentleman who has occasion to walk with two ladies under one umbrella, should always go in the middle himself—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

☞ Whilst the United States frigate St. Lawrence was off Southampton, she failed to salute the English Admiral's flag, when passing through Spithead. This omission is much commented on.

☞ If you multiply any giving number by itself, say 8,—thus say 8X8—64, then take one from the multiplier and add it to the multiplied, the product will always fall short by one of the former product. Thus:—from 8—7, one added to 8—9; 7X9—63.

☞ The most industrious collectors of literary remains are trunk makers—a useful body of men.

☞ The editor of the St. Louis Reveille has been shown a sweet-potato measuring four feet four inches in length, and five inches in circumference.

☞ J. Bayard Taylor, whose "Views a-Foot" have passed through several editions, has in press a collection of his Poems.

☞ Two negroes and two mulattoes, elected for Guadaloupe, have taken their seats in the French National Assembly.

☞ A plan has been commenced for establishing, in the Episcopal Church, an order of "Sisters of Charity." No vows are to be required, and the object is said to be to train nurses for hospitals.

☞ Mr. Morse's Patentees have asked a further injunction against O'Reilly. It appears that since the latter's Southern Line has been prevented from making marks as a means of telegraphic communication, the operators telegraph by the sounds, or chickings of the instrument.

☞ He who cocks his hat on one side is a bully or a coward; he who wears it thrown backwards is a simpleton. The man who wears his hat forward is a banterer and a sneerer, and he who half buries his eyes beneath his castor, is a rogue.

The captious chap who uttered that,
Had either no head or no hat.

☞ We once knew a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

☞ "Tell your father," said John Randolph to a young friend, "that I recommend abstinence from novel reading and whiskey punch. Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

☞ The great cry with everybody is, *Get on! get on!* just as if the world were travelling post. How astonished people will be when they arrive in Heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

"Oh, lady say how is it that
Your hair is now so smooth and bright?
It seems to me that's not the hair,
I looked upon the other night."

☞ Mary Walker recovered, recently, $3,500 of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad Company, for the death of her husband, caused by upsetting the cars.

☞ "What a beautiful place Heaven is!" exclaimed a little boy. "Why do you think so?" asked his father. "Because," said he, alluding to the stars, "the *nails in the floor* are so beautiful."

☞ Mrs. Trollope has written a new novel, called "The Countess."

☞ "The Cap of Liberty" is the name bestowed by Mrs. Trollope on a widow's cap! Mrs. Trollope is, we believe, a widow.

☞ A regiment of American soldiers, under control of Colonel White, has gone into the service of Yucatan. This accounts for the recent success of the Whites over the Indians, we suppose.

☞ The St. Louis Republican, of the 19th ult., says some small sales of hogs have been made at $2.50 a $3 per cwt. Buyers generally decline giving this price.

☞ They are as fond of titles in the East as in the great West. Among his other high sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of twenty-four umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long *reign*.

☞ Jenny Lind's two nights at Manchester realized upwards of £2,000. She was equally as attractive at Hull.

☞ If you are determined to commit suicide in consequence of poverty, do the deed early in the morning instead of late at night, and you will save the expense of three meals.

Dr. Johnson's Opinion of Editors.—The great "literary Colossus" speaks as follows of the difficulties and perplexities of editorial life:—"I know no class of the community from whom so much disinterested benevolence and thankless labor are expected as from editors of newspapers. They are expected to feel for every one but themselves; to correct public abuses, and private ones also, without giving offence; to sustain the difficulties of others, without regard to their own; to condemn improper measures of *every one* and *no one* at the same time. They are expected to note everything that is important or extraordinary; and notwithstanding the diversity of men's opinions, their notice must be calculated to please *every one* and at the same time offend *no one*."

Fruit.—Walter Goodale, of South Orrington, in a communication in the Bangor Whig, on the subject of raising fruit, says: "I never knew a boy to steal fruit whose father raised it himself, and I would say to all persons who own land and boys, if you wish to make them honest, set out trees, and let them see that it costs something to raise fruit."

Franklin Institute Exhibition.—This exhibition closed on Saturday evening last, after being visited during the two weeks it was open, by hundred upon hundreds of our citizens and strangers. The display taken altogether was an excellent one, and there were many costly and elegant articles exhibited. Among the thousands of useful and ornamental specimens of American manufacture displayed, none attracted separately more attention than the elegant plates of the Fashions, with their massive gilt frames, deposited by Mr. Frances Malan, of No. 211 Chesnut street, and the two excellent daguerreotypes suspended beneath them of Generals Taylor and Cass. The plates of the Fashions contain thirty-six admirably drawn and splendidly colored figures, displaying the prevailing style of dress, the cut and pattern of material, and they reflect great credit upon the artists who executed them. One of the plates contains a fine equestrian portrait of the gallant Major Bliss, and the other, full length, and excellent likenesses of the two prominent candidates for the Presidency, Cass and Taylor. The daguerreotypes were executed by Mr. Root expressly for Mr. Malan, and they are pronounced very fine pictures, and perfect fac similes of the originals. Mr. Malan's system of garment cutting is believed to be superior to all others in this country, and in fact, it is the standard in the United States. It is simple and easily acquired, and master tailors, everywhere, we learn, prefer Mr. M's system to that of any other practised or published.—*Alexander's Messenger of Nov. 1st, 1848.*

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. *No. 24 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, November 1, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	13 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	28 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	—
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	40 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va &branches	1a1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1a1½
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	50 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,
HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

The annexed letter has been handed to us by a gentleman who vouches for the respectability and truthful character of the writer.—*Boston Chronotype.*

New Haven, Connecticut, Sept. 14, 1847.

Dear Sir—Pardon me for the liberty which I now take in advising you of the benefit I received from the use of Doctor WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Last spring, a sudden and violent attack upon my lungs, by exposure to the cold, confined me to the house for several days. I used many remedies, none of which seemed to benefit me, so that I lost all hopes of receiving any help from medicine.

But, by the advice of friends, I purchased a bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. I no sooner commenced using it than I found immediate relief, and before the whole bottle was taken my cough and night-sweat had entirely left me.

For the benefit of those similarly afflicted, and believing it to be a remedy of great value for coughs, colds, and the first stages of consumption, is the only motive I have in making the above statement.

Yours truly, JAMES GALLAGHER. 66 Chapel street.

Price one dollar a bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.

Caution.—The *original and only genuine* Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively *counterfeited*. Remember, *the original and only genuine article* always bears the written signature of I. Butts on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 204 North Second street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1848.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
4 Saturday,	6 54	5 6	8 36	
5 Sunday,	6 55	5 5	9 28	D. H. M.
6 Monday,	6 56	5 4	10 18	
7 Tuesday,	6 58	5 2	11 8	
8 Wedn'sday,	6 59	5 1	12 4	First 4 1 18
9 Thursday,	7 0	5 0	1 0	Full 10 8 50
10 Friday,	7 1	4 59	1 48	Last 17 2 17
11 Saturday,	7 2	4 58	2 36	New 25 4 41

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 22,	44	51	53
23,	45	55	56
24,	55	57	59
25,	53	58	61
26,	48	51	54
27,	48	55	59
28,	48	56	62

Married.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. P. Rafferty, Pastor of St. Francis' Church, Fairmount, Mr. James R. Neal, to Miss Rhoda McPhillomy, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. near Haddonfield, by the Rev. J. M. Challis, Mr. Joseph S. Challiss, of Mariton, to Miss Emeline A. Kay, daughter of Joe. Kay, deceased, of Camden county, N. J.

Also, on the 19th ult. by the same, near Mariton, Mr. Carlton Evans, to Miss Sarah Ann Wisham, daughter of Mr. Jacob Wisham, all of Burlington co. N. J.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. Thomas Ward, Mr. William G. W. Jacob, to Miss Louisa Ridgefield, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, the Rev. Samuel A. Clark, Rector of the Church of the Advent, to Sallie, daughter of the late John S. Henry, of this city.

On the 26th ult. in Christ Church, Pottstown, Montgomery county, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, the Rev. Edmund Leaf, to Harriet P. daughter of Chas. H. Clay, Esq. of that place.

On the 11th ult at Friends' Meeting, Orange street, Wm. L. Edwards to Eliza, daughter of the late Thos. Howard, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. C. Stetson, Milton M. Lukens, to Eliza Sigourney, daughter of Thomas Fletcher, Esq. all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Mr. Thos. Weatherly, to Miss Cherry Maria, daughter of the late Robert Cantwell, all of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. W. Bishop, Mr. Geo. Lloyd, to Miss Mary Ann Dewees, both of Bustleton, Philadelphia county.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. M'Kean, Richard D. Warren, to Miss Mary Ann B. Knight, all of Southwark.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Stephen Townsend, George W. Partridge, of Pittsfield, Mass. to Miss Margaret A. Hurst, of Tuckerton.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, Jos. C. West, of this city, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of the late Charles Vandine, of Port au Prince, Hayti.

On the 26th ult. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. Thomas M. Tryon, of this city, to Miss Margaret Mooney, of Philadelphia county.

At Cambridge, N. Y. on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Herman Hooker, D. D. the Hon. Francis N. Mann, of Troy, to Mary J. Hooker, of the former place.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. Charles Karsner, Mr. William H. West, to Miss Eliza J. Vessels, all of this city.

Died.

On the 24th ultimo, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Eliza, wife of Henry Messer, Sr. in her 43d year.

On the 26th ult. Geo. C. Hauck, aged 92 years.

On the 27th ult. Catharine, widow of the late John Exley, aged 73 years.

On the 26th ult. James McKenna, aged 27 years.

On the 26th ult. Mary Whipple, aged 47 years.

On the 26th ult. Alexander Macklin, son of Arthur and Ann O'Neill, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Susannah Brown, aged 68.

On the 26th ult. Delina Maria, daughter of Meinrich and Maria Bergmann, aged 4 years.

On the 26th ult. Susan, daughter of Wm. and Ann Creeson, aged 14 months.

On the 26th ult. Miss Jane Schofield, aged 19.

On the 26th ult. Wm. Merritt, aged 47 years.

On the 26th ult. Miss Jane McDonald, aged 19.

On the 27th ult. Mr. Chas. T. Howell, aged 30.

On the 27th ult. Daniel Ward, aged 33 years.

On the 27th ult. Samuel Allen, aged 61 years.

On the 7th of Oct. 1847, at Puebla, Mexico, Montgomery P. Young, late 1st Lieut. 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Pickford, aged 60.

On the 26th ult. Elizabeth Catharine, daughter of Alfred and Susannah A. Felton, aged 21 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Fox, aged 39.

On the 27th ult. Angelina Pyne, aged 3 years.

On the 26th ult. James Nelson, aged 32 years.

On the 25th ult. Ethan G. Briggs, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ult. Wm. C. Keen, aged 60 years.

On the 25th ult. Margaret, daughter of Charles and Margaret Tobyn, aged 12 years and 4 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Jane Donlan, aged 24 years.

Near Vincentown, N. J. on the 20th ult. Martha Shemelia, aged 78 years.

At Santa Fe, on the 17th of Aug. Henry L. son of the late John Singer, of this city, aged 21 years.

On the 25th ult. Romain R. son of Wm. and Willmine Jones, aged 6 years and 5 months.

On the 25th ult. Mary A. Lockhart, aged 2 years.

On the 25th ult. Thos. Cunningham, aged 22 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Mary, wife of Henry Croft, aged 37 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Jane Cassidy, aged 33 years.

On the 24th ult. Patrick Wynne, aged 72 years.

On the 23d ult. Mary, widow of the late John Lawrence, aged 74 years.

On the 24th ult. at his late residence, near the Wheat Sheaf Tavern, Mr. John Stowman, aged 68 years.

On the 24th ult. Caroline, daughter of Mr. Jacob F. and Catharine Gukeler, aged 5 years and 10 mos.

On the 24th ult. Washington Adams, son of Fred. H. and Eliza A. Smith, aged 8 months.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 19th to the 25th October.

October 19, received from			
D. Brittain	$2 00	I. Koons	2 00
E. A. Vickroy	6 00	Steamboat Ohio	4 75
H. M. Lewis	16 00	T. J. Maloney	10 00
F. Hagan & Co.	11 00	F. Seckel	2 00
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H. Farrell	2 00	Mrs. M. S. Amos	2 00
B. Crawford	2 00	J. & J. Huston	2 00
Jay Cooke	2 00		
October 20.			
S. S. Walkley	1 00	Miss A. C. Boyle	2 00
J. Hartley	1 00	H. & L. Tuttle	10 00
B. Hinsman	1 00	C. B. Warner & Co	15 00
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J. M. Nesmith	3 00	J. C. Howden, Sr.	2 00
G. V. Watson	20 00	Dr. H. J. Easley	2 00
Mrs. C. R. Dawes	4 00	P. & D. Carter	4 00
L. B. Plant	2 00		
October 21.			
R. Leedom	2 00	J. H. Seal	2 00
J. Tomlinson	2 00	Mrs. E. C. Jarman	2 00
J. H. Wray	3 00	Miss E. C. Hunt	2 00
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S. B. Cummings	1 25	C. & S. Jacobs	2 00
Capt. J. Hovey	1 00	Mrs. A. E. Armon	2 00
W. D. Haines	2 00		
October 23.			
H. M. Brown	2 00	S. Warren, Sr.	2 00
J. Choller	20 00	Miss M. H. Winston	2 00
G. W. Beatty	1 00	Mrs. H. P. Grant	2 00
Dr. J. W. Hood	1 00	J. & J. Harran	2 00
J. M. Agee	5 00	C. L. Barstow, Jr.	2 00
Rev. J. C. Bruce	2 00	M. K. Hurlbutt, Jr.	2 00
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H. Barsey	2 00	W. & D. Hesler	10 00
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Dr. R. Gregg	2 00		
October 24.			
F. Hagan & Co.	2 00	Mrs. R. H. Mason	2 00
Phenis Smith	2 00	Miss A. L. Parker	2 00
Mrs. M. Talbott	2 00	C. & B. Pyte	2 00
Rev. T. Hood	2 00	H. J. Van Kyke	5 00
Mrs. H. Hood	2 00	L. & H. Jewell	4 00
E. W. Wood	2 00	P. G. Brewster	15 00
J. P. Rozier	12 00	D. & W. Kinsey	10 10
J. Kenerr	2 00	Dr. A. D. Hurst	2 00
L. L. Nottingal	1 00		
October 25.			
J. Lockwood	1 00	R. Slocum	1 00
W. A. Pierce	30 00	A. W. Barr	1 00
W. R. Clark	2 00	A. A. Bort	2 00
J. Rutherford	2 00	C. McDonnell	2 00
J. Johnson	2 00	T. Lawrence	50
W. O. Kline	2 00	D. H. Hopper	1 00
B. D. Roberts	2 00	A. H. Colwell	2 00
J. Broom	2 00	W. L. Haden	2 00
J. Difendale	1 00	J. D. Johnson	1 00
S. Foreman	1 00	S. T. Roberts	1 00
T. Ridgeway	2 00	W. M. Allen	2 00
S. W. Cattell	2 00	J. B. Leady	2 00
W. Manson	2 00	Jos. Leidy	1 00
T. Truitt	2 00	D. B. Pence	2 00
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Miss A. Stagg	2 00	S. & T. Evans	15 00

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pross & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

HART, MONTGOMERY & Co., aug5-6m No. 118 Chesnut street.

IMPROVEMENT IN WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.—B. M. FELTWELL, late Lloyd & Feltwell, No. 406 Market street, (Girard Stores) between 11th and 12th, is agent for the celebrated Culver Cast Iron Furnaces.

He manufactures also, and has constantly for sale, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, Summer Ovens, Grates and Stoves.

Also, Furnaces of different kinds, Registers and Ventilators of the newest and best patterns. Cast Iron Gas or Smoke Pipe, with a large assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, all warranted to be of the best material, well made, and to meet the purposes they are intended for. B. M. FELTWELL, jy29-3m Late Lloyd & Feltwell, 406 Market street.

CAUTION.

THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be above noticing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the name of Jules Hauel be on the label.

JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!—Unrivalled dark, lovely and beautiful hair is produced by the use of that popular preparation, known as JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL RESTORATIVE.

No one will use any other after once using this delightful article. It is pronounced to be a prodigy in chemistry. It cleans the hair, renders it beautifully bright, smooth and glossy, and restores the hair where it has fallen off from disease, and in those desirable effects it has *never failed to give satisfaction.*

Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by jy22-1y JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side.

CHARLES CAMBLOS' *STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE*, No. 22 South Third Street, Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.

BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y

Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2,00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1,00
For one square, 6 months,	$20,00
For one square, a year,	$40,00

Payment is required in advance.

THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1849.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Edited by SARAH J. HALE, GRACE GREENWOOD, and L. A. GODEY.

A Novelette by MISS E. LESLIE, who contributes to every No.

N. P. WILLIS' Original Scriptural Poetry.

T. S. ARTHUR, who contributes to every No., illustrative of Croome's Sketches of American Character.

We intend merely to give a *notice* of our intentions for next year, leaving to others long advertisements—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Agreeably to the practice of last year, the publisher will issue as good a number each month as he does in January. This is a novel feature in Magazine publishing. During the whole of last year he gave more engravings and more reading matter than any of his contemporaries, and will continue to do so next year. Those who subscribe to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, may do so under the assurance that they will receive more for their money in the Magazine alone than by subscribing to any other work. To this is added and included in the same $3, the LADY'S DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, which contains in one month nearly, if not quite as much reading matter as the other monthlies, making for $3, the amount of reading of two magazines a month. There are peculiarities about Godey's Lady's Book for the Ladies, that no other magazine possesses. There is a Mezzotint and Line Engraving in each number—both by the best artists. In addition to these, there are given monthly what no other magazine gives—a Colored Fashion Plate, with a full description. This feature is peculiar to Godey, as no other work has them every month and colored. Then there are Caps, Bonnets, Chemisettes, Equestrianism for Ladies, with Engravings. The Ladies' Work Table, with designs for Knitting, Netting, Crotchet, and all other kinds of work. Patterns for Smoking Caps, Chair Covers, Window Curtains, D'Oyley's, Purses, Bags, &c. &c. Health and Beauty, with Engravings. Model Cottages, with ground plans, and other Engravings always illustrative of something useful. Music, beautifully printed on tinted paper, which may be taken out and bound. Colored Modern Cottages, and Colored Flower Pieces occasionally. These are all extra in Godey, and to be found in no other magazine. These were all given last year, and will be continued. In addition, we shall have in every No., one of

"CROOME'S SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS,"

A most amusing series, now first given to the American public. These will be illustrated in every No. by a Story from the powerful pen of T. S. Arthur, Esq.

"THE CHANGES OF FASHION,"

Illustrated by Fay Robinson, Esq. This series will be very interesting to the ladies.

"THE APPLICABILITY OF THE FINE ARTS TO DOMESTIC USES,"

Is another series of Engravings now in preparation, and will be published during the year.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Having given so many Model Cottages, we intend now to commence the publication of Cottage Furniture—a very necessary appendage to a Cottage.

RELIGION AND HISTORY.

Our superior Artists, Walters, Tucker, Pease and Welch, are now engaged upon a set of plates illustrative of these two subjects.

OUR MUSIC.

Prepared expressly for us—mostly original, and beautifully printed, has long commanded a decided preference over that of any other magazine. It is a feature in The Book.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

With such writers as Miss Leslie, Grace Greenwood, W. G. Simms, Mrs. Ellet, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. J. C. Neal, H. T. Tuckerman, H. W. Herbert, &c., the author of the Widow Bedott, Professor Frost, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes—and a host of others—must always take the lead in literary merit.

TERMS.

For Three Dollars we will send the Lady's Book, containing more reading than any other monthly, and the Lady's Dollar Newspaper published twice a month, which contains as much reading as any of the $3 periodicals of the day—making three publications in one month, or if the subscriber prefers the following splendid engravings to the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, (although we would not advise it, as engravings cannot be sent through the mail without being crushed or creased,) we will send the beautiful plate containing the portraits of Harriet Newell, Fanny Forester, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Ann H. Judson and Mrs. E. B. Dwight, and the plates of Christ Weeping over Jerusalem, The Opening of the Sepulchre, Deliverance of St. Peter, and The Rebuke. If preferred to the newspaper or plates, we will send Miss Leslie's novel of Amelia, and any three of Mrs. Grey's, or Miss Pickering's popular novels.

For Five Dollars we will send two copies of the Lady's Book, and a set of the plates to each subscriber.

For Ten Dollars we will send five copies of the Lady's Book, and a copy to the person sending the Club, and a set of plates to each.

For Twenty Dollars, eleven copies of the Book and a set of plates to each subscriber, and a copy of the Book to the person sending the Club.

For One Dollar we will send the Lady's Book four months, and for 25 cents any one No. Postage to be paid on all orders. Address, L. A. GODEY, 113 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.

With any newspaper giving the above a few insertions we will exchange. 1t

500,000 COPIES OUGHT TO BE SOLD.

AN ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL for Christmas and New Year, comprised in 48 large octavo pages, stitched and covered, ☞ so that it can be safely mailed to any part of the United States, for the trifling sum of only 4 cents postage.

This Pictorial publication will contain a great variety of the most interesting Historical and Descriptive reading—with a full account of the early Founders of our Republic, interesting and enchanting AMERICAN LOCALITIES, &c., &c., the whole illustrated with about

TWENTY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

Several of them occupying an entire page of the work. We expect to circulate during the holidays many thousands of this publication, in the New England States and elsewhere.

The Plates are all executed in a peculiarly chaste and perfect manner; and any one of the page plates is worth the price of the work.

The limits of an advertisement prevent our publishing the number of interesting literary and other articles, but the following is a list of the principal Engravings, viz.

1. A splendid *MONUMENTAL DESIGN* for the contemplated Tomb to Governor Winthrop, the Founder of Boston, and first Governor of Massachusetts.
2. Landing of Governor Winthrop at Salem, in June, 1630.
3. The First Settlement of Boston.
4. Views of the Trimountain in 1634, and of Boston in 1776, both taken from well authenticated pictures.
5. Winthrop and his associates exploring the country.
6. The Ancient Winslow House, at Marshfield, Massachusetts.
7. A faithful copy of the FIRST MAP ever published in America.
8. Two Views of the OLD STATE HOUSE, or HALL OF INDEPENDENCE, taken from Chesnut and Walnut Streets.
9. The Girard College for Orphans.
10. A splendid and correct view of the NEW YORK BOWLING GREEN, and Battery in the distance. This represents one of the most celebrated localities in the days of the Stamp Act, and is one of the most beautiful sections of the city.
11. Indian Parents at the Grave of their Child. Designed by Weir.
12. The New York Merchants' Exchange.
13. Hampden's Residence and Tomb, &c., &c., &c.

☞ The whole of these Plates are accompanied with interesting descriptions, making the number invaluable as a Present to young people.

NOTICE TO PURCHASERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Every purchaser should bear in mind that the first impressions of engravings are always the handsomest and most valuable; and as justice requires that we should adhere to the old maxim, "first come, first served," those who are anxious to possess themselves of the best copies, cannot forward their money too soon. We always record the names of subscribers on our books in rotation, as their money is received, and forward accordingly. We shall positively commence sending to subscribers in the country by the twentieth of November; so you cannot send on your money too soon.

The price of "THE PICTORIAL" will be *ONLY 12½ CENTS PER COPY*,

Or Ten Copies will be sent by Mail for One Dollar.

☞ Letters enclosing remittances must be post-paid in full. The silver change for a single copy, or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (postage paid,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a half sheet of writing paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only single postage.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the town, county, and State, where the periodical is to be forwarded, and should be addressed, (post paid,) to ROBERT SEARS, 1t 128 Nassau Street, New York.

☞ Any Newspaper in the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive six copies of the above No., as soon as we receive the paper with the advertisement marked.

OAKFORD'S UNRIVALLED STYLE OF HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

CHARLES OAKFORD,

No. 104 *CHESNUT STREET*, *Philadelphia*, would respectfully invite attention to his superior style of Hats for autumn, 1848; which will be found the most perfect ever before offered to the community. Its peculiar forms renders it the more desirable, as it combines all the essentials of durability and neatness, requisite in that article of dress, whilst his increased facilities in manufacturing, with all the modern improvements, enables him TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better Hat.

CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST MODE.—These goods have been selected with great care, and will be found most beautiful and chaste in their styles.

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND CAPS OF ENTIRELY NEW PATTERNS.—Great care has been bestowed in constructing these articles, that they may fit perfectly easy, and form a graceful appearance.

mar 4-1y CHARLES OAKFORD, 104 Chesnut street, a few doors above Third. Phila.

FURS.

RICH FANCY FURS FOR LADIES' WEAR.

CHARLES OAKFORD, FURRIER.

No. 104 CHESNUT ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, would invite the ladies to call and examine his superior stock of Muffs, Boas, Tippets, &c., of every variety, consisting of Rich Russia Sable, Hudson's Bay Martin, Norway Martin, Mink Sables, Baum Martin, Stone Martin, Ermine, Fitch, Lynx, &c., &c. These skins have been selected with great care, and are made by the best workmen in the country. Ladies may rest assured that no article will be offered for sale in this establishment that is not perfect in every respect. CHARLES OAKFORD, 104 Chesnut street, a few doors above Third, Philadelphia. sep 23-tf

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.

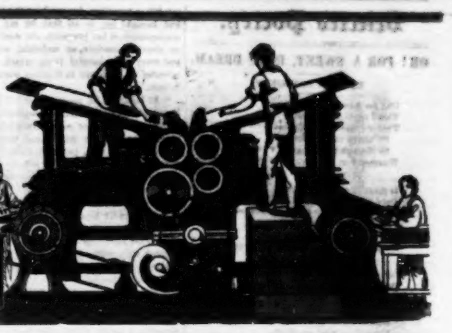
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches	Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from	$35 00 to 100 00
	" Lepine " " from	25 00 to 40 00
	Silver Levers, "	from 17 00 to 35 00
	Plain and Lepine, "	from 6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1.25 to 12.00. Gold Pens from $1.00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.

Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this articles—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britannia Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. R. M. HOPPER, No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second june 3-1y and Third, (south side) Phila.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c. Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS. JOHN H. CHAMBERS & CO. (Successors to ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.) nov 20-1y



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

This Paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of two dollar city weeklies.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the patronage extended to them since the enlargement of their paper; and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. The belief expressed in their last Prospectus, that the POST is destined to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, is fast becoming realized. The reason of this is in a great degree, to be found in the stand the POST has always taken against the *immoral* literature of the day. The public have felt, in the language of the North American and United States Gazette, of this city, that "*The POST has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*"

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $2.50, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		$5.00	"
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 500 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Saturday Post.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*—*Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

The Saturday Evening Post *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.*—*Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

We have always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.—*Chicopee Telegraph.*

The original and selected articles of the Post are *generally better than those in any other paper*. If any of our readers wish the best general weekly in the country, we say subscribe for the *Post*.—*Syracuse Democrat.*

The Post may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Iris.*

One of the regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorials and selections, which make it a valuable fireside companion.—*Centre Democrat.*

The Post always ranked among the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is decidedly the largest and most handsome, will soon take the lead of its contemporaries.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette.*

The Post is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the columns of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

Although the Post was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.*—*Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

The Post came to us last week enlarged eight *mortal columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best family newspaper* published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

We repeat the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.—*Penna. Republican, York, Pa.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This old and splendid weekly has recently been enlarged to the genuine mammoth size, has acquired strength and spirit since its enlargement, and is now one of the neatest and most original Weeklies ever issued in the United States, or the world. The amount and variety of talent employed on its columns, when we consider its extremely low price, is really surprising. The number for the present week is spicy with wit and sparkling with genius.—*Philada. Sun.*

Saturday Evening Post.—Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.—*North American and United States Gazette.*

As a family journal, it is surpassed by none with which we are acquainted.—*Independent Delawarean.*

PORTRAIT OF GRACE GREENWOOD, IN GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR DECEMBER.—A true line engraving of this celebrated Lady, will appear in Godey, for December. A very large edition will be published to satisfy the expected demand. As another engraving has been published which purports to be a likeness, we deem it necessary to publish the following:

Dear Sir:—I regard the miniature by Mr. Cushman, lately engraved for your Magazine, as the very best likeness of myself which has yet been taken. For the sake of those who value the original, I am happy to know that there is in existence a picture so admirably executed, and so truly a "counterfeit presentment" of my face. Sincerely yours,

To L. A. Godey. Grace Greenwood.

In addition to the above, "The Book" will contain the greatest number of steel and other engravings ever published in a Magazine, and 72 pages of reading by the best authors.

Twenty-five cents sent by mail, postage paid, will command a copy.

Subscription to the Lady's Book and Lady's Dollar Newspaper, which together are equal to two Magazines, $3. Address L. A. GODEY, nov 4-1t No. 113 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

SLOAN'S EAGLE HALL OF FASHION.

No. 274 Market Street, above Eighth St., Philada.

THE subscriber calls the attention of his friends and the public, to his large and well selected stock of FASHIONABLE READY-MADE FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

I am determined to give satisfaction to all by selling good articles, as well made and as cheap as can be bought in Philadelphia. I therefore invite the people of the country, visiting the city, to give me a call, for which I will not charge any thing, but thank them whether they purchase or not. I am still sincerely thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed, and most earnestly solicit a continuance of the same. As I intend to keep constantly on hand every thing in the Clothing line, and at such prices as shall defy competition, I hope by strict attention to business, to meet the views and reasonable wishes of my friends and the public generally. Garments made and trimmed as usual in the best manner at reduced prices. sep23-3m

Please don't forget Eagle Hall of Fashion, 274 Market Street above 8th. JOHN P. SLOAN.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS REGALIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

No 194 Market Street below Sixth Street.

Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c.

FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS,

WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. sep30-tf

J. W. & E. D. Stokes have also on hand a large and well selected stock of superior cloths, cassimeres and vestings suited to the season, which will be made up to order in the most fashionable styles. The attention of the citizens of Philadelphia, and of merchants and others visiting Philadelphia, is respectfully called to their assortment, as they feel confident they can give satisfaction to those who may favor them with a visit.

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street, PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y*

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7.00
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Dessert $10, Table $15.

Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.

O. CONRAD, jan 29-6ly No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches.

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 169 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at ROCKHILL & WILSON'S, No. 169 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.

N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough, together with those symptoms, we frequently find a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease Consumption,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating causes before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are nausea, heart-burn, *loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest*, &c. The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as Asthma, Disease of the Kidneys, Flatulence or Pulmonary Diseases arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulants, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but so they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

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Selected Poetry.

OH! FOR A SWEET, DEEP DREAM.

BY [illegible]

Oh! for a sweet, deep dream!
That I again might dream
That we together by the brook [illegible],
Or by the [illegible],
Or through the [illegible] green woods,
Wandered at dawn, and [illegible] days of yore.

Is there no [illegible],
Only for this brief hour,
To [illegible] in my heart again,
Which on my soul's dark night
Rose like a sudden light
To paint thy coming step and voice's silver strain?

Yes, far away they lie,
Those sunny of days gone by;
Those rushing streams—those waving, deep green woods.
And we shall never more
Upon that broad sea shore,
List those wild roaring winds sing to the roaring floods.

Oh! Fate, how strong art thou!
Before thy might must bow
My dearest hope, my uncouraged despair;
We cannot break the chain
We ne'er shall meet again—
We can but pine for all we never more may share.

Oh! Life, how little worth;
Oh! weary, weary Earth;
Oh! Love, so strong, yet weak; oh! frail, fond heart.
One soul alone remains
To all our bitter pains,
To die as we have lived—loving—but far apart!

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

Each at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,
Day-stars that wood and mountain glen adorn!
God said, "Let there be light!" and lo, creation
Shone forth with smiles unparalleled and fair,
Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded
With pall dark and dread the face of man!
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,
To wake the finer feelings of the heart!
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory,
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ay, ye, have lessons for the wise, revealing
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's boundless love;
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling
How all that's good descendeth from above!
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;
To fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

Selected Sketch.

FROM THE LADIES' GARLAND.

GRANDFATHER TYRO'S LECTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Here's an excellent thing in the newspaper, wife!" said Uncle John Tyro, looking up with a mischievous expression on his broad face.

Aunt Patience did not lift her eyes from the garment which she had spread upon her lap, and to a rent in which she was nicely adapting a suitable patch, but she replied—

"That is a good paper, husband, and contains many excellent articles. Read the one in question, if you please."

"Oh," he cried, "I have got past it now; but it was about three things that never get rusty—the two first immaterial, the third—*a woman's tongue.*"

The flush on Aunt Patience's meek face deepened perceptibly, as she answered in a low tone—

"The editor who admits such articles into his columns is afflicted with a bad heart or a weak head; and ought never to hear the tones of affection from the tongue of mother, sister, wife or daughter."

"Oh! ho! I thought this was a 'good paper!'" cried Uncle John. "But you make it good, anyhow. Your tongue will never grow rusty."

Aunt Patience crumpled her work into her basket, lighted an extra candle and left the room. But as she turned to shut the door, a big tear on her cheek flashed in the candle-light like a diamond.

Old Grandfather Tyro sat in his easy chair, amid the soft cushions which Aunt Patience had stitched and stuffed for him, and comfortable in the easy clothes and soft woollens, which her dexterous hand had fabricated for his use. He laid down his white pipe as she went out, and thus addressed Uncle John:

"My son, listen to me now a little while. I shall not be with you long, to counsel or reprove. I do not often lecture you, but now I must speak. You are not naturally wicked or cruel, and yet you have wantonly inflicted a cruel injury on the heart of an excellent and unoffending person. She said right—any man who, by publishing such an article, adds a thong to the scourge of tyranny, ought never to hear the voice of human love. Man has robbed woman of every independent right and privilege—and standing with his foot upon her neck, rails and reviles because he cannot take from her the freedom of speech also. Don't interrupt me, John, I am speaking for your good, and you must listen. But tell me, did Patience ever reprove you when you did not deserve reproof—did she ever advise but for your good—did she ever complain without just and sufficient reason? Reflect and answer.

"It is well—*she never did.* And I am confident that few women *ever did.* Mark me—I say women—not children or idiots. Why is it, then, that the spirit of man rises so indignantly against the voice of woman? In the beginning God said, 'It is not good for the man to be alone.' 'Let us make an help-meet for him.' Certainly, then, the Allwise created woman, a meet or suitable companion for man. But man has made her a slave—the most oppressed and burdened of all slaves. I read a few weeks since in a newspaper published at Utica, and entitled Christian Contributor, an article headed 'Charles Manly and his slave Primus.' The writer, in sketching the affectionate intercourse between Mr. Manly and his slave, has depicted the most perfect and tender conjugal love. There is not a wife living who might not envy the situation of that slave; or say, 'oh, that my *master* were as indulgent and affectionate as his.' And yet the writer of that article laments over the fate of poor Primus, and says, 'all inflicted bondage is a war waged against the highest life of man, and an open usurpation and abuse of the prerogative of God. Wherever a faculty is given, its freedom is implied. God never gave a power without the charter for its largest exercise, consistent with the functions of the whole being, and whoever in any way mutilates another's life, is in open rebellion against the sovereign will of Heaven.' I wondered, as I read that sentence, whether the writer had his foot upon a woman's neck while he was writing *it.* If he is a husband, most probably he has a human being in worse bondage than that of the slave Primus, whose life is, as he says, mutilated, and from whom he would gladly wrest even the freedom of opinion.

"I was a young and thoughtless man once, John, and your mother was one of the best of wives and mothers. Yet, John, I made her a real slave, and flouted her tongue as you do that of poor Patience. She brought me a good property, I was prosperous, and in a few years we were wealthy. You remember when we lived in the great house and kept our carriage and horses. Well, I was persuaded to join in that foolish speculation which proved my ruin. My faithful wife besought me to have nothing to do with it, assuring me that it would be our undoing. 'Mind your own business, woman,' I exclaimed, 'what do you know of such matters.' 'I know,' she replied, 'that those who look on, generally see deeper into the game than the players, and as for minding my own business, I think it is my business whether I have a home and bread for myself and children.' 'Hold your foolish tongue,' I cried, in a pet. 'I will not be dictated to by a woman. I have always provided for you, and shall do so still. (See what a falsehood—*I had only [illegible] her money*—but I knew she would never allude to that. We have got her sex under such abject subjection, that they deem such allusions wholly out of character.) Well, I went on, and was utterly undone. Your poor mother found herself without a shelter or bread for herself and children. She did not reproach me then—she even endeavored to console and encourage me; but I knew that I had wronged her, and I felt that she must feel toward me as I would have felt toward her in the like circumstances; and so I added anger and abuse to her other wrongs. If she was *sad,* I bade her speak the curses she was harboring against me; when she endeavored to be *cheerful,* I reproached her for want of sympathy with my troubles. *For awhile* I tried to procure employment, but could not suit myself. I was too proud or too indolent to labor; and then I gave up to hypochondria, and became a plague upon society. Then your poor mother took in work, and so earned a living, not only for herself and little ones, but for me who had condemned her advice, thrown away her property, and added to these every kind of abuse. Yet I saw no merit in all this because she was a woman. It would have been strange if she had acted otherwise. *If* amid her toils and cruel privations, she had replied to [illegible] but brought her to all that by my wilful mismanagement of her property, she would have been an abused creature, an undutiful wife, a virago, and every other hateful thing, which tyranny has invented as a means to frighten women from rebellion.

"At length your poor mother fell sick. Then I [illegible] employment at good wages, and [illegible] were comfortable and thriving. But [illegible] your wife's heart was broken, and [illegible] still, and [illegible] forth every energy to educate and train her children, I learned to think, to reflect, to reason and to analyze; and I thank God, I became a wiser and a better man. But this wisdom was dearly bought, even by long years of widowed loneliness, and bitter unavailing remorse. I would save you from these sufferings, my son. I would have you become wise, without passing under the rod of experience, the lashes of which leave wounds that never can be healed.

"Now, mark me, John, all the errors and sufferings of my life sprung from my having imbibed the false and wicked notion of woman's mental inferiority, a notion which some men, and writers of the present day, are exerting themselves (Heaven only knows why,) to establish and maintain. But such men are, in my opinion, either actuated by a mean jealousy of female rivalry in the walks of literature, or having matched themselves with under-witted women, deem all the sex of the same class. Who but a foolish or bad-hearted man could thus condemn one full half of God's creatures, having never given them opportunity to prove themselves above the imputation? Look around you, John. Begin with your own children, and widen the search as far as your knowledge extends. Are the boys, as a general rule, superior in intellect to the girls? You admit that the superiority is in favor of the girls; but philosophers say girls are not capable of as great attainments as men. This remains to be proved. *If girls,* instead of being made wives and mothers at the ages of from fifteen to eighteen, when boys are barely deemed capable of being apprenticed to trades or sent to academies, were allowed to continue in the halls of science, man's boasted superiority would soon be at an end perchance—but bound as she is to domestic drudgery, and the care and attendance of our children, the eminence, to which woman does sometimes attain, is wonderful, and a proof of wonderful abilities.

"The world is making a great noise about female education—erecting seminaries, and publishing books expressly for that purpose; thus giving a small smattering of science, and a few showy accomplishments, mixed up with a mass of false doctrines and fastidious nonsense. I would have women study as men study. Books which are not fit for her eye, are only fit for the fire. It is assumed to be unnecessary for her to be versed in natural history, theology, political economy, or the arts—but who should comprehend the laws of nature if not they, who are to be the mothers of all *future life?* Who should have knowledge of God, if not they who are to plant the seeds of immortal piety in all future intellect? Who should be versed in the economy of civil government, if not they who are destined to *form* the minds of all the sages, patriots, heroes, poets, orators, and statesmen of futurity? Who should be read in the arts, if not they who are to give the first impulse to the agriculturist, the mechanic, and artisan to the end of time? I'll tell you what; man may boast as he pleases, but woman sustains the weight of the world. Permit her to enjoy the benefits of sound and liberal education, and barbarism, bigotry, and superstition will never more pollute the earth with their foot-prints of blood, fire, and ashes.

"I once heard an old man remark—'the less a woman knows, the better wife she is;' and I believe all slave holders preach the same doctrine, and the present deplorable condition of the human race is wholly owing to the incapacity of the mothers of the past and present world to educate their children aright. An incapacity chargeable not on them, but on the tyranny which has kept them chained to its footstool.

"Of late phrenology has attempted to mark a difference between the male and female head, and so establish woman's inferiority. But this attempt is hardly worthy of notice, as any person, having two eyes and common sense, can look at the heads of his or her own family, or neighbors, or any assembly of the two sexes, and satisfy themselves at once that God or nature has made no such distinction—that women, taken as a class, have heads as large in proportion to their bodies, as men have, and that taking a given number of each, there are as many 'intellectual heads' amongst the women as the men.

"I am aware that this is unfashionable doctrine, but it must be preached and will be proved; for woman has now attained that advantage in point of knowledge, which must progress to perfection. Yes, she must either be crushed back to the old ignorance and servitude, or be permitted to take that station in the intellectual world for which she is fitted and intended by our Creator. She cannot much longer be made to believe that the end of her being is to court admiration and secure a husband; but having nobler ends in view, will only marry *when she loves,* and will love only a worthy object. Domestic felicity will then be perfect. Men will not flatter spoiled and petted children into matrimony, and then hold themselves aggrieved because the marriage rite has not changed them to sensible and experienced women.

"Some person says—'what a hideous anomaly a female physician and surgeon must be.' But I find that some women have undertaken to study medicine in the regular manner, and I rejoice and applaud them as pioneers in a holy cause. The fastidious delicacy which is aghast at the idea of a woman studying medicine, feels no qualm in submitting his wife and daughters to the practice of male physicians—a thing at once barbarous and revolting to every idea of common decency. I heard your good wife say, that the dread of being attended by a doctor was more terrible to her than all the sufferings of her sickness.

"The idea of female lawyers or counsellors is scouted at as a ridiculous absurdity, and yet women are forced to attend courts as witnesses, &c., and sometimes suffer more than martyrdom in making depositions and giving evidence before men, who enjoy their distress, and increase it by every possible means.

"You may preach that woman has no just cause to complain of her position. I tell you she is every way oppressed. Her husband is lord of her person and property. If he abuse the one, and squander the other, to whom shall she appeal? The laws were framed by men, and are administered by men, who, having never experienced, cannot justly appreciate the evils of which she complains, and who are almost always biased against her, 'it is so unwomanly for a wife to complain against her husband.' They are aware of this, and so suffer silently on, even unto death. Witness my poor departed wife."

Grandfather Tyro drew a deep sigh, lighted his pipe, and sunk back in his easy chair. Uncle John arose and went out, evidently affected—and I being acquainted with some two or three individuals who need the benefit of grandfather's lecture full as much as Uncle John did, brought out my old pen, and with the good old gentleman's aid, wrote it out in full. And here it is for their benefit solely. Let them read and profit by it. I shall charge them nothing.

Curious Icelandic Plants.—Many of the plants of Iceland grow to an unnatural size, close to the hot springs. Thyme grows in the cracks of the basin of the Great Geyser, where every other plant is petrified; and a species of chara flourishes, and bears seed in a spring hot enough to boil an egg!

Science and Art.

GAS FROM WATER.

Sir Humphrey Davy said that "at some future time gas would be generated from water for general purposes, surpassing that of coal in brilliancy and purity." An apparatus has been patented in England, by Stephen White, for making gas from water and common rosin or tar. The London Miner's Journal, in describing it, says that the gas is extremely pure, and in burning emits no smoke or smell. The apparatus is cheap, and the gas cheaper than that from coal. The following is a description of the method:—

"The apparatus consists of three retorts placed in a stove, two of which are filled with charcoal and thin pieces of iron, and the other with iron chains hanging from a centre bar.—The two first retorts are for the decomposition of water, which is regularly supplied by means of a syphon pipe, passing through and into the centre of the retort; the water in passing through the heated material, becomes converted into pure hydrogen and pure oxide of carbon. It then passes into the third retort, to receive its dose of bi-carburet of hydrogen, which is prepared from common tar or melted rosin, or similar substance passing or dropping on the red hot chain, from a syphon tube, which regulates its supply. This causes the tar, or melted rosin, to throw off an abundance of bi carburet of hydrogen gas. The gases being mixed in this manner are immediately conveyed into the gasometer for use, without any purifying vessels whatever, none being required."

Chemistry of Animal Heat.—The perpetual combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon of the food, and with the effete substance of the body, is a real combustion, and is supposed to be the cause of animal heat, because heat is constantly given out by the combination of carbon and oxygen; and, without a constant supply of food, the oxygen would soon consume the whole animal, except the bones.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

Metals in the Human Blood.—M. E. Millon has proved by analysis, that the blood of man constantly contains silex, manganese, lead, and copper. The copper and lead are not in a state of diffusion through the blood; they are fixed with the iron in the globules, and everything leads us to believe that they share with it organization and life.

Selected Articles.

MATERNAL COURAGE.

We have rarely, if ever, met with a more striking example of maternal self-devotion, united with singular presence of mind, than is offered by the following circumstance which occurred two or three weeks ago in the State of New York. The extracts which we give, are made, as will be perceived, from a letter written by the heroic mother herself to a friend, a few days after the event narrated had occurred.

Mrs. ——, accompanied by her daughter, a young girl about twelve years of age, and some young children with their nurses, went to visit —— cemetery. A favorite dog, named Carlo, was permitted to accompany them as escort, and the little ones were amused with his gambols as he ran and leaped by their side. On reaching the cemetery, Mrs. —— and her daughter were a little in advance of the rest of the party.

"When suddenly we were all arrested by the most horrible yelps from Carlo, who came plunging, writhing, and foaming, *furiously mad.* The dog took a circuit round, and as the shrieks went forth from ——, and ——, 'He is mad! he is mad,' I echoed, 'Yes, he *is* mad—run for your lives!' In the same breath I tore from my shoulders a large heavy blanket shawl, as my only defence. Carlo immediately made for Mary, who was running with all the speed possible. I shrieked, 'Mary, 'tis you he pursues—turn as quick as thought.' At the same time, I kept nearly pace with the dog, and, as dear Mary turned, I enveloped him completely with my shawl, winding the corners (which I held in my hand for the purpose) closely round his neck. It was, of course, only for one moment I could hold him, but every instant counted, and enabled Mary to change her course, so that he was unable to pursue her in any direct line. But the instant he escaped from me, he made direct for her again, a frothy foam issuing from his mouth, accompanied by that unearthly yelp.

"The others had made their escape from the cemetery, and I was left alone among the dead, to contend with, and protect my child against a *raving mad dog.* Oh, who *can* imagine my feelings! Calm, and perfectly self-possessed, I remained, giving directions unceasingly to Mary, who followed them quicker than given. All the time the dog was at full speed, save when I muffled him with the shawl. It was only by Mary's making short turns and leaping upon palings that I had an opportunity to wind it around him at all. Several times he so nearly reached her as to raise his paws to spring up to the spot she occupied, and each time strength and thought was given to me to cover him with the shawl and wind it round his neck. Thus she escaped until aid was sent. Even that, I fear, might have been too late, had he not fallen in a fit, from which he was never allowed to rise. His head was severed entirely from his body by the heavy blow of an axe, given by a strong arm, while Mary stood directly over him, upon a high fence, whither he had pursued her.

"One week has passed, and last night was the first time I have been able to shut out from my sight that furious dog, gnashing his jaws, uttering those horrid yelps, and foaming thick froth from his mouth, rushing after my poor child."

In the midst of the horrors of the scene, described with such simplicity and vividness, how touchingly sublime appears a mother's love. Again and again the mother offers her life in sacrifice for that of her child. Each time that the shawl was thrown around the furious animal, he might have turned upon that noble woman and made her his victim, yet still she persevered, and God in mercy made her the instrument of saving the life of her beloved daughter.

One word on the remarkable *presence of mind* here displayed. It is a quality which all should cultivate. It is invaluable in the hour of danger. And who knows when that hour may be at hand? The timid and irresolute are in imminent peril themselves, and entirely useless to others, while those who have learned to maintain a control over their thoughts, and to preserve presence of mind, are often made the happy instruments of saving those whom they love, from danger and from death.—*Christian Chronicle.*

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

I cannot help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination: a species of instinct by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned—in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates, and nothing else; and its operations are in reality far from being always sudden, or when they are sudden, they are often far from being right. Men of the best taste, by consideration, come frequently to change their early precipitate judgment, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is improved exactly as we improve our judgments, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually, attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity; but this celerity of its operation is no proof, that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the course as a discussion which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.—*Burke.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.

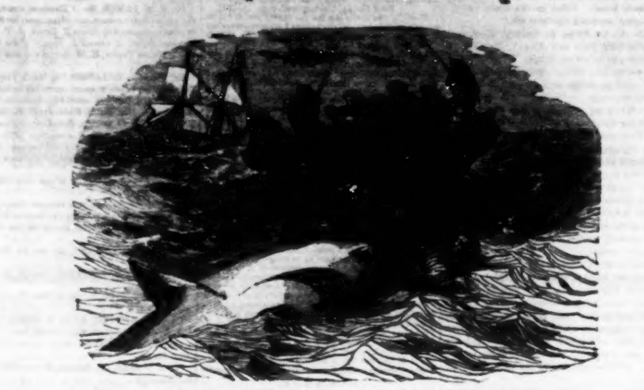
I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favorable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontiers of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humor to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then "laid to" my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to thrust it towards his gaping jaws. My *ruse* had the desired effect; for after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about, and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely—took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.—*Journal of a Santa Fe Trader.*

A HELP TO ENERGY.

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my "grand expedient" in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honor most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If, I were capable of breaking it, after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince.*

A Heave-y Horse.—A smart lad was thrown from a high-spirited horse, on the Bloomingdale road, the other day. A witness began to taunt him for his lack of equestrian skill—"Or, perhaps," said he, "your horse is naturally tricky?" "Oh, no, he aint tricky at all," replied the boy, "only he has the *heaves* a little, *hinder hinder!*"—*New York Mercury.*

Our Picture Gallery.



ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

It may be wrong—I know it is—to hate any creature which God has made, every living thing having, it may be supposed, its uses in creation, and therefore part of a great general economy. At the same time people cannot well avoid having their antipathies. Some have no great affection for rats; few look with anything like satisfaction on snakes and various other reptiles: it has been my misfortune to hate sharks. Yes, I say it undisguisedly—of all created beings, a shark is to me the most abhorrent. Born in the tropics, and living the chief portion of my life just beyond their verge, where bathing in the sea was more a necessity than a luxury, I have often come into contact in various ways with this fiend of the deep. Fiend of the deep, however, is not the proper term; it lurks also in shallow sunny spots, where the brilliant white sand supports apparently just enough of cool still water to afford a bath for a troop of nymphs or children. In the most retired corner of such a locality, just where the tide will allow of his quick exit, will the brute lurk, and we betide the animal which comes within its reach!—The *ground shark* is the most dangerous and deadly of all his deadly tribe; for, as a negro once said, "You never see him till you feel him." In the open sea you have some chance for your life; for your enemy is visible from the deck of a ship, or even from a small boat; the deep-sea shark swimming high in the water, and in calm weather generally showing his dorsal-fin above its surface. But the ground shark, as its name signifies, lies crouched below you, glaring upwards in all directions as it slews itself round; its eyes take in a great extent of the surface; and small chance has living flesh or bone when opposed to its powerful jaws or numerous rows of teeth.

My hatred to this monster dates from a very early period of my life. When about four or five years old, I was once floating in a tiny canoe within the reef which circled one of the islands of the Pacific. He who held me in his arms bade me look over its side, and there, far down, but quite distinct in those transparent waters, where several sharks sporting over the coral which branched from the bottom. In their gambols they would shoot up towards the surface; and in turning, the glancing white belly and the horrid jaws would suddenly reveal themselves. My childish dreams were long after haunted by that vision; and perhaps my antipathy thence arose. But often since that period have I had cause to shudder when even the name itself was mentioned; not so much perhaps on my own account personally, as on that of others who have suffered by them.

I myself, however, have had some narrow escapes from the scoundrels. I remember well, when a boy at school many years ago, one Saturday afternoon my father taking myself and two brothers out fishing, not with the rod and flies, as in this country, but from the boat's side, in five fathoms of blue water. We were in a common waterman's boat, such as was used in the harbor, which, not to be particular, was in Australia. We anchored about three or four hundred yards from the end of a small island; and while the waterman and boys fished, the old gentleman put up his umbrella to keep off the sun and read his newspaper. After our fishing was over, at about sunset, one of my brothers and I determined to bathe. My father did not much like the idea; but we assured him there was no danger, and jumped in and swam to the island; and after running about for ten minutes, we jumped in the water again and struck out for the boat. The wind blew pretty freshly, and the small waves washed about my head, and forced me to swim on my side or back, to avoid their splashing in my face; owing to this, I did not hear the shouting which had for some moments, in fact, been kept up by those we had left in the boat.—The first word I did hear distinctly was a terrible one—"Shark!" and at the same instant I saw those in the boat all standing up and waving their hands, the old gentleman shaking his umbrella in a very emphatic manner. I turned myself quickly round in the water. I have said before the sun was nearly down: it is not surprising then that, springing up as I did, the shadow of my own head and shoulders should startle one so suddenly alarmed as I was. Down I went as quickly as possible; for the only chance you have with a shark is to get below him; and if you can reach the bottom, to kick up a dust there, and under cover of the cloud raised, to swim in another direction. I saw nothing, however, except the white legs and body of my brother, who was about thirty yards behind me when I went down; and I came up again. He had seen me go down, and asked me the reason for doing it. I was glad to find that he had not heard the cries from the boat, for he was a timid lad, and I feared the effects upon him. I kept constantly before him, splashing the water in his face, and shouting until he got into a towering passion.—This was what I wanted; for his attention was drawn from the boat. The agony of those moments I shall never forget: I did not know the exact nature of the intimation which was wished to be given us, beyond the simple fact, that it was connected with the dreaded shark. Every moment I expected to see the baleful shadow glide swiftly toward us, and in imagination I felt myself—but it is useless to attempt describing what was the nature of my feelings. They were, in fact, all swallowed up in one sentiment of terrific expectation. A very few minutes must have elapsed before the boat shot up to us and took us in; and yet the space seemed interminable. During the latter part of the time the cry of "shark" had luckily been suppressed, for which I was very grateful; for I dreaded the effect upon my brother exceedingly. When we got safe in, he was ready to pummell me for tormenting him; but when he ascertained the reason, he turned quite pale and sick. It seemed that a boat, anchored some fifty yards or so from ours, had hooked a large shark when we were about one-third of our way back to the boat; and the cries were for us to go back on shore, and the boat would come to us. After a struggle, although the hook and line were very strong, he had got off, having bent, or rather straightened the former, while we were still some two hundred yards off.

When in Sydney, I went one Sunday morning to bathe. I was accompanied by a friend who had just arrived from the South Sea Islands. He was very timid, and clung to the rock, never going beyond a few yards from it, and instantly returning. Upon rallying him, he confessed his great dread of sharks. I assured him in that harbor accidents never occurred from any such cause; which was certainly correct, inasmuch as, up to that period, I had never heard of any person having been killed in it; and in the bays close to the town I should suppose that sharks scarcely ever come, being in that respect very different from the West Indies or the Coast of Africa. I took my usual swim out for twenty minutes or so, and returned home. On that same day, as I was walking with another friend, after the morning service, a constable touched him upon the shoulder, and pressed his services as a juryman to serve on an inquest then about being held upon the body of a man *that morning killed by a shark.* We found the poor fellow with a terrible wound, extending from the upper part of the thigh to the knee, the flesh being, in fact, entirely stripped from the bone. He was a convict, who had been confined in Cockatoo Island, a station for prisoners, situated about eight miles from Sydney higher up the harbor, and further from the sea than the spot where I bathed that morning. The circumstances attending the accident were peculiar. He and some other prisoners had received permission to bathe; he being the first stripped, jumped into the water, which in every part of the harbor of Sydney, and the coast generally, is deep, being in that respect very unlike the shelving coasts of this country. He had not swam more than a few yards before one of the skulking ground sharks had him fast by the upper part of the thigh. One of his comrades in the most gallant manner jumped in and seized hold of him; and after a struggle, in which all the flesh was stripped off, the poor fellow was got on shore; but the great artery of the thigh was severed, and he was already dead.

Another case, somewhat similar to the above, took place in a remote part of the Coast of Australia some years previous to it. Long will the catastrophe be remembered by sorrowing friends in that part of the world, although many years have passed away since it occurred; for, unlike the last case, the victim was not an outcast, from society, a convict loosed from his chains for a few moments, but a young and fair lad, the pride of his fond mother, who had, by a singular fatality, lost her husband and several other members of her family by drowning, and a friend and school-fellow of the writer of this article. He was riding in the lonely bush in company with one servant; from one cattle station to another, if I remember aright. The road lay for a considerable distance along the banks of what is termed in the map a river; but which is, in fact, an arm of the sea. He was about twelve years of age; and, as would be expected from a lad fresh from school, finding himself on horseback, about to proceed to a spot where he would have plenty of shooting and kangaroo hunting, as well as riding after wild cattle, he was in very high spirits. The day was very hot; and when, at a turn of the road, he found himself on the very verge of the cool blue water, no wonder he felt inclined to bathe. The servant, however, reminded him that they had sixty miles yet to ride, and should lose no time; he resolved, therefore, to bathe his feet only, which were very hot. He dismounted, as did also the man; and pulling off his shoes and stockings, he seated himself on a flat ledge of rock, where the water was very deep, and dipped his feet in. It was much the same as if a person suspended his feet over the side of a boat when in deep water. His head was turned towards the man, with whom he was at the moment speaking, when a small ground shark, about five feet long, rose suddenly, and seizing him by the calf of the leg, dragged him off the rock into the water. The man had seen the fish rise; but so rapidly was the poor lad seized, that ere he could spring forward to grasp him, the shark had already borne him shrieking away. As in the last-mentioned case, the looker-on was brave and true-hearted. He leaped into the water, being a good swimmer fortunately; and, though with some difficulty, succeeded in reaching and taking hold of the boy; for when a shark has a large body in its jaws, it generally rushes to and fro on the surface of the water. For a long time did they struggle, the man endeavoring to reach the shore, and the shark rushing sometimes in that direction, and at others in the opposite. At length, however, they reached a spot some thirty yards or so further up the shore, and where the water shoaled sufficiently to permit the man to plant his feet for an instant to the ground. The moment this happened, owing to the greater resistance offered, the flesh instantly separated from the bones, and the shark swam off with the piece in his jaws. He got the poor lad, who was half drowned and nearly insensible, safely on shore; and had assistance been at hand, his life might ultimately have been preserved. But the nearest aid was sixty miles off, and the limb was so dreadfully wounded (the whole of the back portion of the leg being either torn off, or separated from the bone), that, carrying him before him on the saddle, he was obliged to travel very slowly. Worse than this, he had to encamp one, if not two nights, in the woods, before reaching the station. The poor lad died from tetanus or locked jaw a few days after the occurrence.

A few years ago a sad occurrence took place on the coast South of Sydney. A vessel had been wrecked somewhere near Twofold Bay; all her passengers and the crew had escaped safely to the shore, and as they had recovered some provisions, and had the prospect, after a few days' travelling along the coast, of reaching a settlement, they were all in high spirits. They had no boats, for all belonging to the vessel had been destroyed at the time of her wreck. Owing to this want, they met often with great difficulties in crossing the numerous creeks or rivers which fall into the sea in different parts of the coast they were proceeding along; being often compelled to make long circuits to go round these, or to reach a spot where they could wade across them. All difficulties, however, of this nature had now nearly been surmounted—they were not far from the settlement. But one more creek remained to cross, and then they would be within reach of assistance and sympathy from their fellow creatures. Upon the arrival of the whole party at the borders of this inlet, as usual, two of the men, carrying poles in their hands, entered it, to ascertain beforehand whether or not it was fordable for the whole number. And their comrades seeing the pioneers reach the middle of the creek without the water rising above their waist, prepared to follow in a body, when suddenly one of their guides, uttering a loud shriek, disappeared headlong beneath the surface. His comrade, who was only a few yards off, turned his head to ascertain the cause; but he was instantly seized, and the agonized spectators gazed on, unable in the least to aid their unfortunate companions, who were being torn to pieces before their eyes. For some few minutes the rushing play of fins and tails, glancing in all directions, with now and then, portions of the remains of the unhappy victims, was incessant; but fresh assailants crowded to the spot, and soon nothing but a ripple here and a slight splash there, indicated the locality as one where so fearful a tragedy had been so lately enacted.

Some species of sharks grow to an enormous size, often weighing from one to four thousand pounds each. The skin of the shark is rough, and is used for polishing wood, ivory, &c; that of one species is manufactured into an article called *shagreen* spectacle cases are made of it. The white shark is the sailor's worst enemy: he has five rows of wedge-shaped teeth, which are notched like a saw: when the animal is at rest they are flat in his mouth, but when about to seize his prey they are erected by a set of muscles which join them to the jaw. His mouth is so situated under the head that he is obliged to turn himself on one side before he can grasp anything with those enormous jaws.

Wit and Humor.

BEAUTIFUL EXTREMITIES.

One luckless day last week the poet met
A maid of such perfection, such a face,
Such form, such limbs, such more than mortal grace,
Such dark expressive eyes, such curls of jet,
Arched brows, straight nose, round chin, and lips a Prince
Might sue to kiss—in brief, so many beauties,
Such hands, such waist, such ankles—oh, such *tooties!*
He really has not been his own man since:
Rum-punch will not restore his appetite,
Nor rarebits even make him sleep at night!

The Indignant Tailor.—Since the making of inexpressibles became "geometrical," it has become a separate profession. A gentleman ordered a tailor to make him a pair of morning pantaloons. They did not fit with that mathematical exactitude which was expected from an artist of such high pretensions. There was a twist in one of the legs. Our friend expostulated. The tailor felt insulted, besides, his reputation was at stake. He laid the dreadful garment on the counter, he measured and remeasured, he drew a diagram of the original *projection* by a hair's-breadth of error. He was extremely puzzled. At length, in "going over" the knees he perceived that the cloth had been stretched. The mystery was solved, and he turned upon his "client" a look of the utmost severity:

"I beg your pardon," he said, in accents of subdued displeasure, "I hope when you gave the order I understood you aright; you intended those for morning, or walking pants."

"I did."

"Why, *Mein Gott!* sir, exclaimed the tailor, no longer able to control his feelings, "*you have been actually sitting down in them!*"

Volunteer Spanish.—A friend, who has been to the wars, told us an anecdote, the other day, of a volunteer, which sufficiently shows the estimation in which the Spanish language is held by such chaps in general. It seems a volunteer had lost his horse and saddle, and, meeting a Mexican, accosted him in this wise:

"*Hombre,* have you seen a *cavallo vamosing* around here without narry a *sillo* nor *hombre* on him?"

"*No entiendo,*" said the Mexican.

"*No intendee,* eh? Don't yer understand yer own language, yer fool?—may? Now just you *vamos* this 'ere *rauch* immediately, if not sooner! D'ye hear?"

That the Mexican did *vamos,* may well be supposed.—*Phila. Dispatch.*

A Proof that a Man can be His Own Grandfather.—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old gentleman. The widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother—now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or great-uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather! This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.—*Hood's Magazine.*

A Doctor's Affidavit.—A highwayman named Bollard, confined in Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, by getting the doctor to make affidavit of his illness. This was accordingly done in the following manner:

"The deponent verily believes, that if the said John Bollard is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing session he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which the learned Judge on the bench replied, "that he verily believed so, too!"

Hissing Noses.—Some paper tells a mirth-provoking story of one Rev. Mr. Hunt, who was once lecturing, when a number of rowdies, who were present, attempted to hiss him down. Mr. H., as every one knows, is not easily scared off the track, and instead of being intimidated by this goose-like method of augmentation, he addressed the noisy ones as follows:—

"Who are those persons attempting to disturb the meeting? Who are they? Oh, I see now. They are some red-nosed rummies, and they always hiss just so when I dip their noses in cold water."

Mr. Hunt was never again troubled with hissing in that region.

Don't Believe the Papers.—We really wish that people who write about the markets, would not deceive the public. We saw in the columns of the New York Herald, recently, that "Pork was inactive, and would be until next month." Now, we endeavored to catch our pig the next day, and whatever we may say of other people's pork, we will aver that our share of the unclean beast was as active as an eel. This is the second time we were taken in; for we once saw that "Pitch went off freely;" while on the very next day, our best coat was bedaubed with pitch, which would not go off by any exertion.

Law, Physic and Divinity.—The relative pecuniary value of the learned professions is well illustrated by the following anecdote:

A gentleman who had been successively engaged in three professions, those of minister, physician and lawyer, was asked the comparative advantages of them for acquiring property. He replied—"The man who will give but a fourpence to save his soul, will give twenty-five cents for relief from sickness, and a dollar to have his own will."

Flunkiana.—*Old Gent.*—"Thomas, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and that I always have such bad dinners?"

Thomas.—"Really, sir, I don't know, for I am sure we never have any thing nice in the kitchen that we can't always send some of it up into the parlor!"

The Olio.

Critics at Fault.—The editor of the *Literary Gazette,* says, "The expression, the two first, is unquestionably erroneous, if not ungrammatical. There can be no two firsts." The Glasgow *Chronicle* quotes this grammar ukase, and clenches it thus; "Neither can there be two lasts. Yet no error is more common, even in writings of the best authors." If so, we may ask, can there be more than one best author? But we humbly submit that both our brethren are palpably wrong. Just let them suppose that Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith head a procession, marching two abreast—that Mr. Thompson and Mr. Williams bring up the rear—and then tell us whether Messrs. Jones and Smith are not the "two first," and Messrs. Thompson and Williams the "two last."

English Fashions in Turkey.—It was in the reign of the learned monarch (James I.) that the farthingale attained its highest magnitude—an article, be it observed, very similar in effect to the modern crinoline; and there is an anecdote on record which apply to the last-mentioned garment also, regarding a Turkish Sultana, who, when visited by Lady Wych, the wife of the British ambassador, in all the fullness of her farthingale, seriously inquired if the peculiar appearance it gave to her ladyship's figure were the natural formation of all English women; and when informed to the contrary, she exclaimed, "God is good, but wonderful are the fancies of the Nazarenes!"

A Petrified Forest.—M. Blast, of Bombay, has discovered, in the neighborhood of Cairo, an entire forest converted into silex; the vessel medullary rays, and even the most slender fibres, are distinctly visible. The petrified trees are from sixteen to eighteen metres in length. This phenomenon extends over a surface of many hundred miles. The whole desert which is crossed by the road from Cairo to Suez, is strewed with these trees, which seem to have been petrified on the spot, and in the existing era. At least, this forest is covered by nothing more than sand and gravels. The latter, and the trees imbedded in them, rest on calcareous limestones, which contain oysters, with their texture and color so little altered, that one would believe them to have been left but recently by the waters of the sea. It is therefore probable that these substances belong to our own era; and we may adduce this interesting fact as tending to prove the transformation of living shells into new calcareous carbonate.—*M. M. Marcel de Serres and L. Figuier.*

Secrets of Dyeing.—Secrets in dyeing are more easily kept than secrets in most other trades. Dyes usually require an intermediate substance called a "mordant." This word means a biter. This substance bites cloth and bites the dye, and so keeps them both together. If you dye a piece of cloth with any color without using a mordant, the color will come out on the first washing. The great secret of dyeing is to find out what particular mordant is adapted to each particular dye; for different mordants will produce different colors, even with the same dye. If you dip a piece of cloth in a solution of alum, which is a very common mordant, and then dye it with cochineal, it will produce a beautiful scarlet, but if you dip it in oxide of iron, and then dye it with cochineal, it will be a perfect black. Sometimes a color will be produced different from that of either the mordant or the dye. If you boil a piece of cloth in a blue mordant, and then dip it in a yellow dye, the color produced will not be either a blue or yellow, but a perfect green.

Anecdote of a Cat.—In 1821, a shoemaker in the south side of Edinburgh, while engaged in cleaning a cage in which he kept a lark, left the door of the cage open, of which the bird took advantage, and flew away by a window at which its owner was then standing. The lark being a favorite, its loss was much lamented. But it may be imagined what was the surprise of the house, when about an hour after, a cat belonging to the same person, made its appearance with the lark in its mouth, which it held by its wings over the back, in such a manner that the bird had not received the least injury. The cat, after dropping it on the floor, looked up at those who were observing her, and mewed, as if to attract attention to the capture. The lark now occupies its wiry prison, with the same noisy cheerfulness as before its singular adventure.

Good Wine Needs no Bush.—Commentators have been sadly puzzled to find out the meaning of this proverb, which a residence in France during an autumn would easily have solved. In the departments where the vine is cultivated, the peasant sells its vintage; and as a sign, a green bush is stuck in the wall: this is a regulation of the police; and as long as the peasant has any wine to sell, so long must the bush remain. If one has made better wine than another, the news is soon spread abroad among the topers, and hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

To Manage a Sullen Horse.—If a horse lies down, and will not get up, drive a stake into the ground and fasten him down for ten or twelve hours; then loosen him, work him for about an hour, water and feed him, and he will "know better next time." Or apply your hands to the nostrils and stop his breath, and he will soon start.

Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

We copy the following from the London and Paris Ladies' Gazette of Fashion:

The new materials that will be fashionable during the month of October, and probably continue so for November, dividing the vogue as the cold weather increases with richer materials, are poplins, leventines, broad striped pekins, and cachemires a lignees satinees. We shall next month be able to announce some of the most splendid materials that have appeared for some seasons.

Carriage Dress.—White satin capote, a moderately open shape; the exterior decorated with our rows of lace, disposed from the edge of the brim to the top of the crown one above another; the interior is ornamented only with white brides. Roberedingote of quadrilled foulard, a high corsage, and sleeves a three-quarter length, and tight over cambric full ones. Flame colored repe canezou, lined with blue taffeta; the corsage, made to fit the shape exactly, and quite up to the throat, is closed down the middle by a row of gold buttons: the sleeves rather more than half a length, tight at the upper part, but widening as they pass the elbow, are finished by a triple fall of black lace.—The basquine cut so as fully to display the shape, is deep at the back, rounded in front, and trimmed with very broad black lace, headed by a front of flame-colored ribbon. Lace collar and blue neck knot.

Morning Dress.—Straw chapeau, a round shape; the interior trimmed in the cap style, with lace and blue striped ribbon brides, the exterior with ribands to correspond. Striped pekin robe; corsage a la Dubarry, high at the back, open on the bosom, and trimmed with a plaiting a la vielle, sleeves a three-quarter length, and of equal width from top to bottom, rounded and opening in front at the bottom, and trimmed to correspond with the corsage: guimpe and under sleeves of bouillonee.—There are two skirts, the upper very short, and opening en tunique, is trimmed at the bottom by a deep bias heading by a plaiting a la vielle, which is continued to the waist; the under skirt is trimmed with two biais: a ceinture of blue ribbon, in bows and ends, completes the garniture.

Evening Dress.—The hair arranged in plain bands and adorned with knots of ribbon. Under-robe of pink satin, overdress of Honiton lace; the corsage made low, and adorned with four falls; the skirt is adorned with five flounces.

Home Dress.—Black lace cap, a small size, the front arranged in the turban style; the garniture is a full knot of blue ribbon, with floating ends.—Gray silk robe; the corsage quite high, and tight to the shape, is trimmed round the top with a quilling of ribbon to correspond: tight sleeves, a three-quarter length, finished at the bottom with two falls of quilled ribbon, disposed as volante; the corsage is terminated by a close basquine, trimmed with a flounce, headed by a quilled ribbon; three flounces decorate the skirt.

The Riddler.

—— Don't give up the ship,
Try hard, and you can solve it.—*Mull.*

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 5, 10, 5, 14, 4, 20, 19, was a small city of Attica, famous for the victory of the Athenians over the Persians.

My 2, 20, 7, 5, 18, was the second son of Antipater, and cupbearer to Alexander.

My 3, 11, 10, 24, 23, was the most skilful sorceress that ever lived.

My 4, 23, 3, 14, 20, 10, was slain in single combat with Achilles.

My 5, 10, 14, 5, 10, 26, 13, 18, was the brother of Artaxerxes Longimanus.

My 6, 23, 14, 17, 20, 19, was an Admiral of the Athenians, who was defeated by Cimon.

My 7, 23, 18, 12, 9, 18, was an island of Greece which revolted against the Athenians.

My 8, 5, 10, 5, 15, 22, 18, 18, 5, 10, was the residence of Othman, Governor of Bithynia.

My 9, 7, 14, 4, 5, 3, 23, 18, was a King of Colchis, who was subdued by Pompey, who made him serve as an ornament in his triumph.

My 10, 20, 18, 24, 26, 13, 18, was the most celebrated of Roman actors.

My 11, 18, 9, 24, 10, 5, 14, 23, 18, was a Greek grammarian, who was sent prisoner to Rome, for having endeavored to justify the assassination of Octavius.

My 12, 23, 5, 14, 10, 17, 3, 6, was a Queen of Castile.

My 13, 19, 24, 5, was a surname of Minerva, among the Phœnicians.

My 14, 4, 5, 18, 13, 18, was an island in Thrace, which revolted against the Athenians.

My 15, 5, 19, 19, 20, was a Carthagenian General, who was defeated by the Romans near the island of Ægates.

My 16, 5, 7, 7, 5, 24, 6, was a general noted for his bravery and skill, and is counted with Washington, Vasa and others as a patriot.

My 17, 18, 5, 26, 5, 4, was the greatest of the prophetical writers.

My 18, 5, 1, 12, 13, 24, 5, 23, was a machine of war of the ancients.

My 19, 22, 24, 5, 19, 9, 19, was a Lieutenant-General of Antiochus Epiphanes.

My 20, 18, 18, 17, 5, 10, was a Caledonian Bard, supposed to have been the son of Fingal.

My 21, 23, 19, 5, 6, 18, 7, 5, 13, 18, was a wicked and tyrannical Emperor of Germany.

My 22, 10, 6, 10, 23, was an Empress, and afterwards banished to Lobos.

My 23, 19, 10, 2, 13, 18, was the father of Roman song.

My 24, 5, 10, 24, 4, 5, 7, 9, was commander of the auxiliary troops of the Carthagenians.

My 25, 20, 18, 3, 11, 13, 18, 8, 9, was a renowned General of the Poles.

My 26, 10, 13, 18, was a beggar of Ithaca, remarkable for his excessive gluttony.

My whole was a King of Poland, who, reluctant, was compelled to accept the crown, and whose reign was constantly disturbed by faction.

Reading, Pa. EDWARD K. MULL.

CHARADE.

My first's an animal of the possessive case,
My second is the part of a plant which I grace;
My whole is a look that lovers do have,
When bashful and shy, an answer they crave.

E. E. G.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Three trees, a birch, a chesnut and a dogwood, stand at equal distances from each other, in the form of a triangle. In this triangle, fifty perches from the birch, and forty-five perches from the dogwood stands an elm. Then, to determine the triangle. At some distance from it, namely, forty perches from the birch, eighty perches from the chesnut, and one hundred perches from the dogwood, stands a fine apple tree. Can any of your mathematicians tell me the distance between this apple tree and the said elm?

H. COBLE.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are a fisherman and a shepherd like beggars?
Ans.—They live by hook and by crook.

☞ What wine is mock agony?
Ans.—Champagne—(sham pain.)

☞ What check to ambition is there in the meaning of a church weathercock?
Ans.—It is vane to aspire—(vain to aspire.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Deacon & Peterson.
CHARADE.—Butcher-knife.
RIDDLE.—Flag.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
3 pigeons at 4 pence,
15 larks at ½ pence,
2 sparrows at ¼ pence,
Make 10 fowls for 20 pence.
PROBLEM.—1353 inches.

A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

A writer in the Maine Farmer suggests that it would be well for those who have oxen and steers that are mismatched, to take them to cattle shows where they would be most likely to find those that would better match. He says that every farmer desires to have his oxen well matched—each pair being alike in size, form, disposition, activity, temper, color, &c., or at least to have as many of these qualities in common as possible. Now there are in almost every neighborhood some working oxen or steers, which are very *unequally yoked together,* thereby being less effective, and consequently less valuable to their owners, besides offending the eye by their manifest inequality in size and strength, and unfitness for the same yoke.

We frequently hear persons inquiring for an odd ox or steer, or for a pair of oxen that are mismatched, in order that they may remedy these difficulties which oftentimes occur with our stock raisers.

If our farmers would avail themselves of this opportunity, and we trust they will in every case where it can be conveniently done, we think many such exchanges might be made to the mutual benefit of those concerned. Let it be generally understood that this will be a *permanent* feature in our Agricultural Shows and Fairs.

HOW TO CATCH HAWKS.

The following ingenious method for destroying these pests to the farmer, is given by S. Webb, Esq., of Waldo County, Maine, in a late number of the Belfast Republican:—

"Erect a pole, twelve or fifteen feet high, in a place where there will not be anything else near for them to light upon, and upon it set a common trap, on which they will light. A strong rat-trap will answer the purpose, by tying it to the pole lengthwise, the jaws raised above the end, the pole being a little leaning, so that the jaws will not fall together. When one hawk is taken, tie it on the ground near the pole, and its mate will be in the trap in a short time.

Agricultural.

A VALUABLE HINT FOR FARMERS.

FROM THE GARDENER'S CHRONICLE.

The celebrated Mr. Robert Bakewell, of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicestershire sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee of a farmer not only of the olden school, but of the golden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied one thousand acres of land, had three daughters. When his oldest daughter married, he gave her one-quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found, by a little more speed and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furze land, even when the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased—he made more money because his new broken up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more laborers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage five hundred acres as he had to manage one thousand acres—therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her two hundred and fifty acres, or half which remained, for her portion, and no money.—He then found that he had the same money to farm one-quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of two hundred and fifty acres as he had done of one thousand acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone! rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb—he got as much more work done for his money—he made his servants, laborers, and horses move faster—broke them from their snail's pace—and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and laborers, instead of saying, "Go and do it," he said to them, "Let us go, my boys, and do it." Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for forty or fifty years; straightened his zig-fences; cut his water courses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from ten to fourteen yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw three, four, five, and six closes into one. He found out that, instead of growing white-thorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement he grew more, and made more of two hundred and fifty acres than he did from one thousand; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr. Bakewell), and told him the real value of labor, both in-doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better—that there were limits and measures to all things—and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off all his old deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich.

APPLES FOR COWS.

Ripe, mellow apples, fed out with regularity will be found greatly to increase the milk of cows at this season; but if they are permitted to break into orchards and help themselves to the fruit, they will be liable to injure themselves by sudden repletion. An excess of corn, or the green succulent stalks will produce the same effects. Apples are supposed by many to be more valuable for cows than for hogs. Sweet apples are preferable in all cases to sour, but they should be perfectly ripe before they are eaten. Whether there is any thing of moment gained by cooking apples for stock of any kind, is a question we have never as yet been able satisfactorily to decide. It is a process attended with no small trouble and expense, certainly, and one which we have thought does not enhance the value of the food in a ratio commensurate with the cost. Others entertain a different opinion, and would as soon think of casting their apples into the street as of feeding them raw.

In all cases where animals are confined to, or kept principally on, green succulent food, great care should be exercised in its administration, and at no time should they be supplied with a sufficiency without a liberal and regular provision of salt, and ample opportunity for exercise in the open air. Many valuable animals are doubtless lost annually in consequence of the neglect or nonobservance of these sanative rules, and without the true cause being known or even suspected by the owner.

The following, which we find in a recent agricultural paper, shows the value of apples in promoting the secretion of milk, even when fed in the raw state, as well as several other facts of no small importance relative to the subject:—

"In the autumn of 18[illegible], having a good supply of apples about the 20th of September, I gave my cows, with some young cattle, free access to my orchard, having previously picked up what lay on the ground to prevent their injuring themselves by eating too many at first. The cows ate the apples as they fell from the trees, and probably did not get more than a bushel a piece, per day, on an average. The effect was that the milk of the cows was much improved in quality, making butter not inferior to that made in June, on clover feed. The young cattle thrived remarkably well, their hair having a glossy appearance as when fed on grain. They had no additional feed except what grew in the orchard (containing four or five acres) which had been close fed in August. The apples were mostly early, and a mixture of sweet and sour, with scarce an unpalatable one in the orchard, and were generally mellow when they fell from the tree. I tried an experiment last fall by feeding my cows with *hard, sour* apples, giving them about half a bushel a piece, night and morning. I could not perceive any difference in their milk, either in quality or quantity."—*Maine Cultivator.*

PROPERTIES OF EGGS.

Eggs are popularly supposed to be so much alike, that what can be said about one egg is thought applicable to every other laid by the same species of bird, the common hen, for example; but there is nearly as much distinguishable difference between the units in every egg-basket which is carried to market as there is between the faces in a crowd of men, or the hounds in a park. To every hen belongs an individual peculiarity in the form, color, and size of the egg she lays, which never changes during her whole life-time, so long as she remains in health, and which is so well known to those who are in the habit of taking her produce as the hand-writing of their nearest acquaintance. Some hens lay smooth cream-colored eggs, others rough, chalky granulated ones; there is the buff, the snow-white, the spherical, the oval, the pear shaped, and the emphatically egg-shaped egg. A farmer's wife who interests herself in the matter, will tell you with precision, in looking over her stores, "this egg was laid by such a hen"—a favorite perhaps—"this one by such another;" and it would be possible that she should go on so throughout the whole flock of poultry. Of course the greater the number kept, the greater becomes the difficulty in learning the precise marks of each. From a basket of thirty eggs, gathered in a farm-yard as they came to hand, eleven, laid by one or two hens whose race we were desirous to continue were selected in about two minutes by the friend who supplied us with them.

To Accustom a Horse to the Use of a Gun, Umbrella, &c.—Commence showing your friendship by rubbing the horse's face with your hand, then snap and explode percussion caps with a pistol; let the horse frequently smell the powder and smoke, then you fire small reports, until fear is removed, then overhead and behind the horse, until all is free. If you have a very wild horse, place him in a stall, so as to have him safe; then fire a gun all around him, and go often up to him, speak to him, and rub him in the face, and then fire the gun again, until he is free from starting. To make a horse used to an umbrella, walk before him, raising it up and shutting it again; let him smell it, and rub it over his head; then get on him, gently raise it, and ride him until fear is over.

PROPER PERIOD OF SUCKLING.

Messrs. Editors:—I consider the observation of Mr. Edgell, that "injurious effects arise from allowing young animals to take the milk of their dams for a lengthened period," as both unnatural and irrational; and that he has been unfortunate in his selection of the mare and ewe to prove his position. Your correspondent, *Joseph Vining,* has set the matter to rest, with regard to the mare, while my experience with the ewe, is not less decisive than it. Permit me to relate it.

Some years since, I purchased, in the old country, seven ewes on the 2d Dec., with the view of ascertaining the truth of the assertion, that ewes of the true Dorsetshire breed would bring lambs twice the same year. By the 20th of the same month they had yeaned, bringing nine lambs. They had yeaned the second time by the 20th of the next July, bringing seven lambs; and by the 20th of the next April they had yeaned a third time, bringing twelve healthy lambs. Twenty-eight strong and healthy lambs in seventeen months from the time of the purchase of the ewes, and all reared in health and safety. The first lambs were sold for seven dollars each to the butcher; the second lambs brought five dollars each from the same purchaser; and the third lambs were sold with their dams. Now these lambs sucked their dams until within six weeks of the time of their yeaning, and no sheep or lambs were ever more strong and vigorous; the ewes giving a fleece of wool each in June. If these same ewes had suffered by thus giving suck for so unusual a period of time, the lambs would have felt it, and would not have commanded such high prices in the market; and this would have been the case, if such extended suckling had been injurious to the lambs, but they had a fine range of pasture and were not pampered. There is no question, but the mortality amongst the foals at the great stud in Hungary, was owing to over nursing and over feeding—circumstances that are found quite as injurious in their effects on the human, as on the brute creation.

J. D.

Boston Cultivator.

HOUSING MANURE.

That manure exposed to rains and the scorching rays of the sun, must lose a portion of its enriching qualities, no reflecting mind can doubt. Ashes, exposed to the weather, become leached after a few soaking rains, and are nearly worthless for their alkaline qualities. Although manure probably does not waste in the same ratio, yet that it does waste any person must be satisfied who has observed the drainings of his manure heaps and yard after a rain, the water being nearly black with the most valuable part leached from the manure. Add to this, the color imparted from the manure heaps to the snow in the Spring, often being stained with the drainings for a number of rods, and who can doubt but that much of the soluble part of the manure has escaped.

Not long since, in conversation with an observing farmer upon this subject, he remarked that manure exposed to the weather and leached by every rain, was not worth more than half what it would have been had it been housed; and in confirmation of the correctness of his theory, stated that last Spring he manured a piece of corn in the hill with the same kind of manure, only a part had been housed, and the other exposed to the weather, and the difference in the growth was such as to satisfy him that there was double the value in the housed manure that there was in the other.

Admitting this statement to be correct, or even allowing it to be exaggerated one-half, (which I do not think is the case,) would not farmers soon save enough, by housing their manure heaps, to pay the expense of a shed for the purpose?

They would find it very convenient, when their manure heaps were removed, to shelter cattle, besides affording an excellent place to heal in loam, muck, &c., to lay through the Winter and absorb the liquid parts which would otherwise escape.

Try it, brother farmers, and see if your farms do not soon give you credit for good economy.—*Maine Farmer.*

EFFECTS OF STOPPING AND THINNING.

Scarcely an Annual exists which usually dies at the close of the season after ripening its seed, but may be made to retain a vigorous existence, if its inflorescence be removed as soon as formed. Mignonette is a very familiar example, for this may be allowed to bloom; but if its flower-stalks be cut down before its seed-vessels be perfected, it becomes woody and shrubby, and will live and bloom for three or more successive years; but if allowed to ripen its seed, it dies the same year.—The common Nasturtium is an Annual; but the double Nasturtium has become a Perennial, because its flowers, deprived of the faculty of producing seeds, do not exhaust the plant. And it is probable, that every Annual, rendered double by cultivation, will become Perennial.—*Johnston's Principles of Gardening.*

Premium Farms.—The Committee of the Burlington County Agricultural Society, on the 11th instant, awarded the premium for the best farm, to John S. Frick. He has 108 acres, exclusive of woodland, producing a nett profit of $1,647 92 for one year, ending March 25, 1848. We presume this means clear profit, after paying all proper family expenses.

We know a farmer in Whitemarsh township, Montgomery County, says the Germantown Telegraph, whose farms consists of about 80 acres, who has *laid by,* according to his own statement, $1,000 a year for the last thirty years, after paying *all* family expenses.

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The Magazine will be continued on either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

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